

THE
London Merchant:
OR, THE
HISTORY
OF
GEORGE BARNWELL.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

By His Majesty's Servants.

By Mr. *LILLO.*

Learn to be wise from others Harm,
And you shall do full well.
Old Ballad of the Lady's Fall.

LONDON:
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TO

Sir John Eyles, *Bar.*

Member of Parliament for, and Alderman of the City of *London*, and Sub-Governor of the *South-Sea* Company.

SIR,

IF Tragick Poetry be, as Mr. *Dryden* has ſome where ſaid, the moſt excellent and moſt uſeful Kind of Writing, the more extenſively uſeful the Moral of any Tragedy is, the more excellent that Piece muſt be of its Kind.

I hope I ſhall not be thought to inſinuate that this, to which I have preſumed to prefix your Name, is ſuch; that depends on its Fitneſs to anſwer the End of Tragedy, the exciting of the Paſſions, in order to the correcting ſuch of them as are criminal, either in their Nature, or through their Exceſs. Whether the following Scenes do this in any tolerable Degree, is, with the Deference, that becomes one who wou'd not be thought vain, ſubmitted to your candid and impartial Judgment.

What I wou'd infer is this, I think, evident Truth; that Tragedy is ſo far from loſing its Dignity, by being accommodated to the Circumſtances of the Generality of Mankind, that it is more truly auguſt in Proportion to the Extent of its Influence, and the Numbers that are properly affected by it. As it is more truly great to be the Inſtrument of Good to many, who ſtand in need of our Aſſiſtance, than to a very ſmall Part of that Number.

If

If Princes, &c. were alone liable to Misfortunes, arising from Vice, or Weakneſs in themſelves, or others, there wou'd be good Reaſon for confining the Characters in Tragedy to thoſe of ſuperior Rank; but, ſince the contrary is evident, nothing can be more reaſonable than to proportion the Remedy to the Diſeaſe.

I am far from denying that Tragedies, founded on any inſtructive and extraordinary Events in Hiſtory, or a well-invented Fable, where the Perſons introduced are of the higheſt Rank, are without their Uſe, even to the Bulk of the Audience. The ſtrong Contraſt between a *Tamerlane* and a *Bajazet*, may have its Weight with an unſteady People, and contribute to the fixing of them in the Intereſt of a Prince of the Character of the former, when, thro' their own Levity, or the Arts of deſigning Men, they are render'd factious and uneaſy, tho' they have the higheſt Reaſon to be ſatisfied. The Sentiments and Example of a *Cato*, may inſpire his Spectators with a juſt Senſe of the Value

of Liberty, when they ſee that honeſt Patriot prefer Death to an Obligation from a Tyrant, who wou'd ſacrifice the Conſtitution of his Country, and the Liberties of Mankind, to his Ambition or Revenge. I have attempted, indeed, to enlarge the Province of the graver Kind of Poetry, and ſhould be glad to ſee it carried on by ſome abler Hand. Plays, founded on moral Tales in private Life, may be of admirable Uſe, by carrying Conviction to the Mind, with ſuch irreſiſtable Force, as to engage all the Faculties and Powers of the Soul in the Cauſe of Virtue, by ſtifling Vice in its firſt Principles. They who imagine this to be too much to be attributed to Tragedy, muſt be Strangers to the Energy of that noble Species of Poetry. *Shakeſpear*, who has given ſuch amazing Proofs of his Genius, in that as well as in Comedy, in his *Hamlet*, has the following Lines.

Had he the Motive and the Cause for Paſſion
That I have; he wou'd drown the Stage with Tears
And cleave the general Ear with horrid Speech;
Make mad the Guilty, and appale the Free,
Confound the Ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very Faculty of Eyes and Ears.

And farther, in the ſame Speech,

I've heard that guilty Creatures at a Play,
Have, by the very cunning of the Scene,
Been ſo ſtruck to the Soul, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their Malefactions.

Prodigious! yet ſtrictly juſt. But I ſhan't take up your valuable Time with my Remarks; only give me Leave juſt to obſerve, that he ſeems ſo firmly perſwaded of the Power of a well wrote Piece to produce the Effect here aſcribed to it, as to make *Hamlet* venture his Soul on the Event, and rather truſt that, than a Meſſenger from the other World, tho' it aſſumed, as he expreſſes it, his noble Father's Form, and aſſured him, that it was his Spirit. I'll have, ſays *Hamlet*, Grounds more relative.

——The Play's the Thing,
Wherein I'll catch the Conſcience of the King.

Such Plays are the beſt Anſwers to them who deny the Lawfulneſs of the Stage.

Conſidering the Novelty of this Attempt, I thought it would be expected from me to ſay ſomething in its Excuſe; and I was unwilling to loſe the Opportunity of ſaying ſomething of the Uſefulneſs of Tragedy in general, and what may be reaſonably expected from the farther Improvement of this excellent Kind of Poetry.

Sir, I hope you will not think I have ſaid too much of an Art, a mean Specimen of which I am ambitious enough to recommend to your Favour and Protection. A Mind, conſcious of ſuperior Worth, as much deſpiſes Flattery, as it is above it. Had I found in my ſelf an Inclination to ſo contemptible a Vice, I ſhould not have choſe Sir JOHN EYLES for my Patron. And indeed the beſt writ Panegyrick, tho'

ſtrictly true, muſt place you in a Light, much inferior to that in which you have long been fix'd, by the Love and Eſteem of your Fellow Citizens; whoſe Choice of you for one of their Repreſentatives in Parliament, has ſufficiently declared their Senſe of your Merit. Nor hath the Knowledge of your Worth been confined to the City. The Proprietors in the *South-Sea* Company, in which are included Numbers of Perſons; as conſiderable for their Rank, Fortune, and Underſtanding, as any in the Kingdom, gave the greateſt Proof of their Confidence, in your Capacity and Probity, when they choſe you Sub-Governor of their Company, at a Time when their Affairs were in the utmoſt Confuſion, and their Properties in the greateſt Danger. Nor is the Court inſenſible of your Importance. I ſhall not therefore attempt your Character, nor pretend to add any Thing to a Reputation ſo well eſtabliſhed.

What-

Whatever others may think of a Dedication, wherein there is ſo much ſaid of other Things, and ſo little of the Perſon to whom it is addreſs'd, I have Reaſon to believe that you will the more eaſily pardon it on that very Account.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obedient

humble Servant,

GEORGE LILLO.

PROLOGUE.

Spoke by Mr. CIBBER, *Jun.*

THE Tragick Muse, sublime, delights to show
Princes distrest, and Scenes of Royal Woe;
In awful Pomp, Majestick, to relate
The Fall of Nations, or some Heroe's Fate:
That Scepter'd Chiefs may by Example know
The strange Vicissitude of Things below:
What Dangers on Security attend;
How Pride and Cruelty in Ruin end:
Hence Providence Supream to know; and own
Humanity adds Glory to a Throne.
In ev'ry former Age, and Foreign Tongue,
With Native Grandure thus the Goddess sung.
Upon our Stage indeed, with wish'd Success,
You've sometimes seen her in a humbler Dress;
Great only in Distress. When she complains
In Southern's, Rowe's, *or* Otway's *moving Strains,*
The Brillant Drops, that fall from each bright Eye,
The absent Pomp, with brighter Jems, supply.
Forgive us then, if we attempt to show,
In artless Strains, a Tale of private Woe.
A London *Prentice ruin'd is our Theme,*
Drawn from the fam'd old Song, that bears his Name.
We hope your Taste is not so high to scorn
A moral Tale, esteem'd e'er you were born;
Which for a Century of rolling Years,
Has fill'd a thousand-thousand Eyes with Tears.
If thoughtless Youth to warn, and shame the Age
From Vice destructive, well becomes the Stage;
If this Example Innocence secure,
Prevent our Guilt, or by Reflection cure;
If Millwood's *dreadful Guilt, and sad Despair,*
Commend the Virtue of the Good and Fair,
Tho' Art be wanting, and our Numbers fail,
Indulge th' Attempt in Justice to the Tale.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Thorowgood, ——— ——— Mr. *Bridgwater.*

Barnwell, *Uncle to* George ——— Mr. *Roberts.*

George Barnwell, ——— ——— Mr. *Cibber*, Jun.

Trueman, ——— ——— Mr. *W. Mills.*

Blunt, ——— ——— ——— Mr. *R. Wetherilt.*

WOMEN.

Maria, ——— ——— ——— Mrs. *Cibber.*

Millwood, ——— ——— ——— Mrs. Butler.

Lucy, ——— ——— ——— Mrs. *Charke.*

Officers with their Attendants, Keeper, and Footmen.

SCENE London, *and an adjacent Village.*

THE

THE *London* Merchant: OR, THE HISTORY OF *GEORGE BARNWELL.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in Thorowgood's *House.*

Thorowgood *and* Trueman.

Tr. SIR, the Packet from *Genoa* is ar-riv'd. [*Gives Letters.*

Thor. Heav'n be praised, the Storm that threaten'd our Royal Mistress, pure Religion, Liberty, and Laws, is for a Time diverted; the haughty and revengeful *Spaniard*, disappointed of the Loan on which he depended from *Genoa*, must now attend the slow return of Wealth from his new World, to supply his empty Coffers, e'er he can execute his purpos'd Invasion of our happy Island; by which means Time is gain'd to make such Preparations on our Part, as may, Heav'n concurring, prevent his Malice, or turn the meditated Mischief on himself.

Tr. He must be insensible indeed, who is not affected when the Safety of his Country is concern'd. —Sir, may I know by what means—if I am too bold—

Thor. Your Curiosity is laudable; and I gratify it with the greater Pleasure, because from thence you may learn, how honest Merchants, as such, may sometimes contribute to the Safety of their Country, as they do at all times to its Happiness; that if hereafter you should be tempted to any Action that has the Appearance of Vice or Meanness in it, upon reflecting on the Dignity of our Profession, you may with honest Scorn reject whatever is unworthy of it.

Tr. Shou'd *Barnwell*, or I, who have the Benefit of your Example, by our ill Conduct bring any Imputation on that honourable Name, we must be left without excuse.

Thor. You complement, young Man.——

[Trueman *bows respectfully.*

Nay, I'm not offended. As the Name of Merchant never degrades the Gentleman, so by no means does it exclude him; only take heed not to purchase the Character of Complaisant at the Expence of your Sincerity.——But to answer your Question,——The Bank of *Genoa* had agreed, at excessive Interest and on good Security, to advance the King of *Spain* a Sum of Money sufficient to equip his vast Armado,—— of which our peerless *Elizabeth* (more than in Name the Mother of her People) being well informed, sent *Walsingham*, her wise and faithful Secretary, to consult the Merchants of this loyal City, who all agreed to direct their several Agents to influence, if possible, the *Genoese* to break their Contract with the *Spanish* Court. 'Tis done, the State and Bank of *Genoa*, having maturely weigh'd and rightly judged of their true Interest, prefer the Friendship of the Merchants of *London*, to that of a Monarch, who proudly stiles himself King of both *Indies*.

Tr. Happy Success of prudent Councils. What an Expence of Blood and Treasure is here saved? ——Excellent Queen! O how unlike to former Princes,

Princes, who made the Danger of foreign Enemies a Pretence to oppreſs their Subjects, by Taxes great and grievous to be born.

Thor. Not ſo our gracious Queen, whoſe richeſt Exchequer is her Peoples Love, as their Happineſs her greateſt Glory.

Tr. On theſe Terms to defend us, is to make our Protection a Benefit worthy her who confers it, and well worth our Acceptance.

Tr. Sir, have you any Commands for me at this Time?

Thor. Only to look carefully over the Files to ſee whether there are any Trades-mens Bills unpaid; and if there are, to ſend and diſcharge 'em. We muſt not let Artificers loſe their Time, ſo uſeful to the Publick and their Families, in unneceſſary Attendance.

SCENE II.

Thorowgood *and* Maria.

Th. Well, *Maria*, have you given Orders for the Entertainment? I would have it in ſome meaſure worthy the Gueſts. Let there be plenty, and of the beſt; that the Courtiers, tho' they ſhould deny us Citizens Politeneſs, may at leaſt commend our Hoſpitality.

Ma. Sir, I have endeavoured not to wrong your well-known Generoſity by an ill-tim'd Parſimony.

Thor. Nay, 'twas a needleſs Caution, I have no cauſe to doubt your Prudence.

Ma. Sir! I find my ſelf unfit for Converſation at preſent, I ſhould but increaſe the Number of the Company, without adding to their Satisfaction.

Thor. Nay, my Child, this Melancholy muſt not be indulged.

Ma. Company will but increaſe it. I wiſh you would diſpenſe with my Abſence; Solitude beſt ſuits my preſent Temper.

Thor. You are not insensible that it is chiefly on your Account these noble Lords do me the Honour so frequently to grace my Board; shou'd you be absent, the Disappointment may make them repent their Condescension, and think their Labour lost.

Ma. He that shall think his Time or Honour lost in visiting you, can set no real Value on your Daughter's Company, whose only Merit is that she is yours. The Man of Quality, who chuses to converse with a Gentleman and Merchant of your Worth and Character, may confer Honour by so doing, but he loses none.

Thor. Come, come, *Maria,* I need not tell you that a young Gentleman may prefer your Conversation to mine, yet intend me no Disrespect at all; for tho' he may lose no Honour in my Company, 'tis very natural for him to expect more Pleasure in yours. I remember the Time, when the Company of the greatest and wisest Man in the Kingdom would have been insipid and tiresome to me, if it had deprived me of an Opportunity of enjoying your Mother's.

Ma. Your's no doubt was as agreeable to her; for generous Minds know no Pleasure in Society but where 'tis mutual.

Thor. Thou know'st I have no Heir, no Child but thee; the Fruits of many Years successful Industry must all be thine, now it would give me Pleasure great as my Love, to see on whom you would bestow it. I am daily solicited by Men of the greatest Rank and Merit for leave to address you, but I have hitherto declin'd it, in hopes that by Observation I shou'd learn which way your Inclination tends; for as I know Love to be essential to Happiness in the Marriage State, I had rather my Approbation should confirm your Choice, than direct it.

Ma. What can I say? How shall I answer, as I ought, this Tenderness, so uncommon, even in the best of Parents: But you are without Example;

yet

yet had you been less indulgent, I had been most wretched. That I look on the Croud of Courtiers, that visit here, with equal Esteem, but equal Indifference, you have observed, and I must needs confess; yet had you asserted your Authority, and insisted on a Parent's Right to be obey'd, I had submitted, and to my Duty sacrificed my Peace.

Thor. From your perfect Obedience in every other Instance, I fear'd as much; and therefore wou'd leave you without a Byass in an Affair wherein your Happiness is so immediately concern'd.

Ma. Whether from a Want of that just Ambition that wou'd become your Daughter, or from some other Cause I know not; but, I find high Birth and Titles don't recommend the Man, who owns them, to my Affections.

Thor. I wou'd not that they shou'd, unless his Merit recommends him more. A noble Birth and Fortune, tho' they make not a bad Man good, yet they are a real Advantage to a worthy one, and place his Virtues in the fairest Light.

Ma. I cannot answer for my Inclinations, but they shall ever be submitted to your Wisdom and Authority; and as you will not compel me to marry where I cannot love, so Love shall never make me act contrary to my Duty. Sir, have I your Permission to retire.

Thor. I'll see you to your Chamber.

SCENE III. *A Room in* Millwood's *House.*

Millwood. Lucy *Waiting.*

Mill. How do I look to Day, *Lucy?*

Lucy. O, killingly, Madam! —— A little more Red, and you'll be irresistible! — But why this more than ordinary Care of your Dress and Complexion? What new Conquest are you aiming at?

Mill. A Conquest, wou'd be new indeed!

Lucy. Not to you, who make 'em every Day,—— but to me.——Well! 'tis what I'm never to expect,—— unfortunate as I am:——But your Wit and Beauty——

Mill. First made me a Wretch, and still continue me so.—Men, however generous or sincere to one another, are all selfish Hypocrites in their Affairs with us. We are no otherwise esteemed or regarded by them, but as we contribute to their Satisfaction.

Lucy. You are certainly, Madam, on the wrong Side in this Argument: Is not the Expence all theirs? And I am sure it is our own Fault if we hav'n't our Share of the Pleasure.

Mill. We are but Slaves to Men.

Lucy. Nay, 'tis they that are Slaves most certainly; for we lay them under Contribution.

Mill. Slaves have no Property; no, not even in themselves.——All is the Victors.

Lucy. You are strangely arbitrary in your Principles, Madam.

Mill. I would have my Conquests compleat, like those of the *Spaniards* in the New World; who first plunder'd the Natives of all the Wealth they had, and then condemn'd the Wretches to the Mines for Life, to work for more.

Lucy. Well, I shall never approve of your Scheme of Government: I should think it much more politick, as well as just, to find my Subjects an easier Imployment.

Mill. It's a general Maxim among the knowing Part of Mankind, that a Woman without Virtue, like a Man without Honour or Honesty, is capable of any Action, tho' never so vile: And yet what Pains will they not take, what Arts not use, to seduce us from our Innocence, and make us contemptible and wicked, even in their own Opinions? Then is it not just, the Villains, to their Cost, should find us so.——But Guilt makes them suspicious, and keeps them on their Guard; therefore we can take Advan-

tage

tage only of the young and innocent Part of the Sex, who having never injured Women, apprehend no Injury from them.

Lucy. Ay, they muſt be young indeed.

Mill. Such a one, I think, I have found.——As I've paſſed thro' the City, I have often obſerv'd him receiving and paying conſiderable Sums of Money; from thence I conclude he is employ'd in Affairs of Conſequence.

Lucy. Is he handſome?

Mill. Ay, ay, the Stripling is well made.

Lucy. About——

Mill. Eighteen——

Lucy. Innocent, Handſome, and about Eighteen. ——You'll be vaſtly happy.——Why, if you manage well, you may keep him to your ſelf theſe two or three Years.

Mill. If I manage well, I ſhall have done with him much ſooner, having long had a Deſign on him; and meeting him Yeſterday, I made a full Stop, and gazing wiſhfully on his Face, ask'd him his Name: He bluſh'd, and bowing very low, anſwer'd, *George Barnwell.* I beg'd his Pardon for the Freedom I had taken, and told him, that he was the Perſon I had long wiſh'd to ſee, and to whom I had an Affair of Importance to communicate, at a proper Time and Place. He named a Tavern; I talk'd of Honour and Reputation, and invited him to my Houſe: He ſwallow'd the Bait, promis'd to come, and this is the Time I expect him, [*knocking at the Door.*] Some Body knocks,——d'ye hear; I am at Home to no Body to Day, but him.——

SCENE IV.

Millwood.

Mill. Leſs Affairs muſt give Way to thoſe of more Conſequence; and I am ſtrangely miſtaken if

this does not prove of great Importance to me and him too, before I have done with him.——Now, after what Manner ſhall I receive him? Let me conſider——what manner of Perſon am I to receive?——He is young, innocent, and baſhful; therefore I muſt take Care not to ſhock him at firſt.—— But then, if I have any Skill in Phiſiognomy, he is amorous, and, with a little Aſſiſtance, will ſoon get the better of his Modeſty.—— I'll truſt to Nature, who does Wonders in theſe Matters.——If to ſeem what one is not, in order to be the better liked for what one really is; if to ſpeak one thing, and mean the direct contrary, be Art in a Woman, I know nothing of Nature.

SCENE V.

To her, Barnwell *bowing very low*, Lucy *at a Diſtance*.

Mill. Sir! the Surprize and Joy!——

Barn. Madam.——

Mill. This is ſuch a Favour,—— [*advancing*.

Barn. Pardon me, Madam,——

Mill. So unhop'd for,—— [*ſtill advances*.

[Barnwell *ſalutes her, and retires in Confuſion*.

Mill. To ſee you here.————Excuſe the Confuſion.——

Barn. I fear I am too bold.——

Mill. Alas, Sir! All my Apprehenſions proceed from my Fears of your thinking me ſo. —— Pleaſe, Sir, to ſit.——I am as much at a Loſs how to receive this Honour as I ought, as I am ſurpriz'd at your Goodneſs in conferring it.

Barn. I thought you had expected me —— I promis'd to come.

Mill. That is the more ſurprizing; few Men are ſuch religious Obſervers of their Word.

Barn. All, who are honeſt, are.

Mill.

Mill. To one another: ——But we ſilly Women are ſeldom thought of Conſequence enough to gain a Place in your Remembrance.

[*Laying her Hand on his, as by Accident.*

Barn. Her Diſorder is ſo great, ſhe don't perceive ſhe has laid her Hand on mine.—— Heaven! how ſhe trembles!——What can this mean! [*Aſide.*

Mill. The Intereſt I have in all that relates to you, (the Reaſon of which you ſhall know hereafter) excites my Curioſity; and, were I ſure you would pardon my Preſumption, I ſhould deſire to know your real Sentiments on a very particular Affair.

Barn. Madam, you may command my poor Thoughts on any Subject;——I have none that I would conceal.

Mill. You'll think me bold.

Barn. No, indeed.

Mill. What then are your Thoughts of Love?

Barn. If you mean the Love of Women, I have not thought of it all.——My Youth and Circumſtances make ſuch Thoughts improper in me yet: But if you mean the general Love we owe to Mankind, I think no one has more of it in his Temper than my ſelf. —— I don't know that Perſon in the World whoſe Happineſs I don't wiſh, and wou'd n't promote, were it in my Power.——In an eſpecial manner I love my Uncle, and my Maſter, but, above all, my Friend.

Mill. You have a Friend then, whom you love?

Barn. As he does me, ſincerely.

Mill. He is, no doubt, often bleſs'd with your Company and Converſation.——

Barn. We live in one Houſe together, and both ſerve the ſame worthy Merchant.

Mill. Happy, happy Youth!——who e'er thou art, I envy thee, and ſo muſt all, who ſee and know this Youth.——What have I loſt, by being form'd a Woman!——I hate my Sex, my ſelf.——Had I been a Man, I might, perhaps, have been as happy

in

in your Friendſhip, as he who now enjoys it:—But as it is,——Oh!——

Barn. I never obſerv'd Women before, or this is ſure the moſt beautiful of her Sex, [*Aſide.*] You ſeem diſorder'd, Madam! May I know the Cauſe?

Mill. Do not ask me,——I can never ſpeak it, whatever is the Cauſe;——I wiſh for Things impoſſible:——I wou'd be a Servant, bound to the ſame Maſter as you are, to live in one Houſe with you.

Barn. How ſtrange, and yet how kind, her Words and Actions are?——And the Effect they have on me is as ſtrange.——I feel Deſires I never knew before;——I muſt be gone, while I have Power to go, [*Aſide.*] Madam, I humbly take my Leave.——

Mill. You will not ſure leave me ſo ſoon!

Barn. Indeed I muſt.

Mill. You cannot be ſo cruel!——I have prepar'd a poor Supper, at which I promis'd my ſelf your Company.

Barn. I am ſorry I muſt refuſe the Honour that you deſign'd me;——But my Duty to my Maſter calls me hence.——I never yet neglected his Service: He is ſo gentle, and ſo good a Maſter, that ſhould I wrong him, tho' he might forgive me, I never ſhould forgive my ſelf.

Mill. Am I refus'd, by the firſt Man, the ſecond Favour I ever ſtoop'd to ask?—Go then thou proud hard-hearted Youth.——But know, you are the only Man that cou'd be found, who would let me ſue twice for greater Favours.

Barn. What ſhall I do!——How ſhall I go or ſtay!

Mill. Yet do not, do not, leave me.——I wiſh my Sex's Pride wou'd meet your Scorn:——But when I look upon you,——When I behold thoſe Eyes,——Oh! ſpare my Tongue, and let my Bluſhes ſpeak.——This Flood of Tears to that will force their way,

and declare——what Woman's Modeſty ſhould hide.

Barn. Oh, Heavens! ſhe loves me, worthleſs as I am; her Looks, her Words, her flowing Tears confeſs it:——And can I leave her then?——Oh, never,——never.——Madam, dry up thoſe Tears.——You ſhall command me always;——I will ſtay here for ever, if you'd have me.

Lucy. So! ſhe has wheedled him out of his Virtue of Obedience already, and will ſtrip him of all the reſt, one after another, 'till ſhe has left him as few as her Ladyſhip, or my ſelf. [*Aſide.*

Mill. Now you are kind, indeed; but I mean not to detain you always: I would have you ſhake off all ſlaviſh Obedience to your Maſter;——but you may ſerve him ſtill.

Lucy. Serve him ſtill!——Aye, or he'll have no Opportunity of fingering his Caſh, and then he'll not ſerve your End, I'll be ſworn. [*Aſide.*

SCENE VI.

(*To them.*) Blunt.

Blunt. Madam, Supper's on the Table.

Mill. Come, Sir, You'll excuſe all Defects.——My Thoughts were too much employ'd on my Gueſt to obſerve the Entertainment.

SCENE VII.

Lucy *and* Blunt.

Blunt. What is all this Preparation, this elegant Supper, Variety of Wines, and Muſick, for the Entertainment of that young Fellow!

Lucy. So it ſeems.

Blunt. What is our Miſtreſs turn'd Fool at laſt! She's in Love with him, I ſuppoſe.

Lucy.

Lucy. I ſuppoſe not,——but ſhe deſigns to make him in Love with her, if ſhe can.

Blunt. What will ſhe get by that? He ſeems under Age, and can't be ſuppos'd to have much Money.

Lucy. But his Maſter has; and that's the ſame thing, as ſhe'll manage it.

Blunt. I don't like this fooling with a handſome young Fellow; while ſhe's endeavouring to enſnare him, ſhe may be caught her ſelf.

Lucy. Nay, were ſhe like me, that would certainly be the Conſequence;——for, I confeſs, there is ſomething in Youth and Innocence that moves me mightily.

Blunt. Yes, ſo does the Smoothneſs and Plumpneſs of a Patridge move a mighty Deſire in the Hawk to be the Deſtruction of it.

Lucy. Why, Birds are their Prey, as Men are ours; though, as you obſerv'd, we are ſometimes caught our ſelves:——But that I dare ſay will never be the Caſe with our Miſtreſs.

Blunt. I wiſh it may prove ſo; for you know we all depend upon her: Should ſhe trifle away her Time with a young Fellow, that there's nothing to be got by, we muſt all ſtarve.

Lucy. There's no Danger of that, for I am ſure ſhe has no View in this Affair, but Intereſt.

Blunt. Well, and what Hopes are there of Succeſs in that?

Lucy. The moſt promiſing that can be.——'Tis true, the Youth has his Scruples; but ſhe'll ſoon teach him to anſwer them, by ſtifling his Conſcience. ——O, the Lad is in a hopeful Way, depend upon't.

SCENE VIII.

Barnwell *and* Millwood *at an Entertainment.*

Barn. What can I anſwer!—— All that I know is, that you are fair, and I am miſerable.

Mill.

Mill. We are both ſo, and yet the Fault is in our ſelves.——

Barn. To eaſe our preſent Anguiſh, by plunging into Guilt, is to buy a Moment's Pleaſure with an Age of Pain.

Mill. I ſhould have thought the Joys of Love as laſting as they are great: If ours prove otherwiſe, 'tis your Inconſtancy muſt make them ſo.

Barn. The Law of Heaven will not be revers'd; and that requires us to govern our Paſſions.

Mill. To give us Senſe of Beauty and Deſires, and yet forbid us to taſte and be happy, is Cruelty to Nature.—Have we Paſſions only to torment us!

Barn. To hear you talk,——tho' in the Cauſe of Vice,—— to gaze upon your Beauty,——preſs your Hand,——and ſee your Snow-white Boſom heave and fall,——enflames my Wiſhes;——my Pulſe beats high,——my Senſes all are in a Hurry, and I am on the Rack of wild Deſire;——yet for a Moment's guilty Pleaſure, ſhall I loſe my Innocence, my Peace of Mind, and Hopes of ſolid Happineſs?

Mill. Chimeras all,——

——Come on with me and prove,
No Joy's like Woman kind, nor Heav'n like Love.

Barn. I wou'd not,——yet I muſt on.——

Reluctant thus, the Merchant quits his Eaſe,
And truſts to Rocks, and Sands, and ſtormy Seas;
In Hopes ſome unknown golden Coaſt to find,
Commits himſelf, tho' doubtful, to the Wind,
Longs much for Joys to come, yet mourns thoſe left behind.

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Thorowgood's *House.*

Barnwell.

Barn. HOW ſtrange are all Things round me? Like ſome Thief, who treads forbidden Ground, fearful I enter each Apartment of this well known Houſe. To guilty Love, as if that was too little, already have I added Breach of Truſt.—A Thief!——Can I know my ſelf that wretched Thing, and look my honeſt Friend and injured Maſter in the Face?——Tho' Hypocriſy may a while conceal my Guilt, at length it will be known, and publick Shame and Ruin muſt enſue. In the mean time, what muſt be my Life? ever to ſpeak a Language foreign to my Heart; hourly to add to the Number of my Crimes in order to conceal 'em.——Sure ſuch was the Condition of the grand Apoſtate, when firſt he loſt his Purity; like me diſconſolate he wander'd, and while yet in Heaven, bore all his future Hell about him.

SCENE II.

Barnwell *and* Trueman.

Tr. Barnwell! O how I rejoice to ſee you ſafe! ſo will our Maſter and his gentle Daughter, who during your Abſence often inquir'd after you.

Barn. Wou'd he were gone, his officious Love will pry into the Secrets of my Soul. [*Aſide.*

Tr.

Tr. Unlefs you knew the Pain the whole Family has felt on your Account, you can't conceive how much you are belov'd; but why thus cold and filent? when my Heart is full of Joy for your Return, why do you turn away? why thus avoid me? what have I done? how am I alter'd fince you faw me laft? Or rather what have you done? and why are you thus changed? for I am ftill the fame.

Barn. What have I done indeed? [*Afide.*

Tr. Not fpeak nor look upon me.

Barn. By my Face he will difcover all I wou'd conceal; methinks already I begin to hate him. [*Afide.*

Tr. I cannot bear this Ufage from a Friend, one whom till now I ever found fo loving, whom yet I love, tho' this Unkindnefs ftrikes at the Root of Friendfhip, and might deftroy it in any Breaft but mine.

Bar. I am not well, [*Turning to him.* Sleep has been a Stranger to thefe Eyes fince you beheld them laft.

Tr. Heavy they look indeed, and fwoln with Tears; —— now they o'erflow; —— rightly did my fympathizing Heart forebode laft Night when thou waft abfent, fomething fatal to our Peace.

Barn. Your Friendfhip ingages you too far. My Troubles, whate'er they are, are mine alone, you have no Intereft in them, nor ought your Concern for me give you a Moment's Pain.

Tr. You fpeak as if you knew of Friendfhip nothing but the Name. Before I faw your Grief I felt it. Since we parted laft I have flept no more than you, but penfive in my Chamber fat alone, and fpent the tedious Night in Wifhes for your Safety and Return; e'en now, tho' ignorant of the Caufe, your Sorrow wounds me to the Heart.

Barn. 'Twill not be always thus, Friendfhip and all Engagements ceafe, as Circumftances and Occafions vary; and fince you once may hate me, perhaps it might be better for us both that now you lov'd me lefs.

Tr.

Tr. Sure I but dream! without a Caufe would *Barnwell* ufe me thus, ungenerous and ungrateful Youth farewell,—— I fhall endeavour to follow your Advice,— [*Going.*] Yet ftay, perhaps I am too rafh, and angry when the Caufe demands Compaffion. Some unforefeen Calamity may have befaln him too great to bear.

Barn. What Part am I reduc'd to act;——'tis vile and bafe to move his Temper thus, the beft of Friends and Men.

Tr. I am to blame, prithee forgive me *Barnwell.* ——Try to compofe your ruffled Mind, and let me know the Caufe that thus tranfports you from your Self; my friendly Counfel may reftore your Peace.

Barn. All that is poffible for Man to do for Man, your generous Friendfhip may effect; but here even that's in vain.

Tr. Something dreadful is labouring in your Breaft, O give it vent and let me fhare your Grief, 'twill eafe your Pain fhou'd it admit no cure; and make it lighter by the Part I bear.

Barn. Vain Suppofition! my Woes increafe by being obferv'd, fhou'd the Caufe be known they wou'd exceed all Bounds.

Tr. So well I know thy honeft Heart, Guilt cannot harbour there.

Barn: O Torture infupportable! [*Afide.*

Tr. Then why am I excluded, have I a Thought I would conceal from you.

Barn. If ftill you urge me on this hated Subject, I'll never enter more beneath this Roof, nor fee your Face again.

Tr. 'Tis ftrange,——but I have done, fay but you hate me not.

Barn. Hate you! —— I am not that Monfter yet.

Tr. Shall our Friendfhip ftill continue.

Barn. It's a Bleffing I never was worthy of, yet now muft ftand on Terms; and but upon Conditions can confirm it.

Tr.

Tr. What are they?

Barn. Never hereafter, tho' you ſhou'd wonder at my Conduct, deſire to know more than I am willing to reveal.

Tr. 'Tis hard, but upon any Conditions I muſt be your Friend.

Barn. Then, as much as one loſt to himſelf can be another's, I am yours. [*Embracing.*

Tr. Be ever ſo, and may Heav'n reſtore your Peace.

Bar. Will Yeſterday return. —— We have heard the glorious Sun, that till then inceſſant roll'd, once ſtopp'd his rapid Courſe, and once went back: The Dead have riſen; and parched Rocks pour'd forth a liquid Stream to quench a Peoples Thirſt: The Sea divided, and form'd Walls of Water, while a whole Nation paſs'd in ſafety thro' its ſandy Boſom: Hungry Lions have refus'd their Prey: And Men unhurt have walk'd amidſt conſuming Flames; but never yet did Time once paſt, return.

Tr. Tho' the continued Chain of Time has never once been broke, nor ever will, but uninterrupted muſt keep on its Courſe, till loſt in Eternity it ends there where it firſt begun; yet as Heav'n can repair whatever Evils Time can bring upon us, he who truſts Heaven ought never to deſpair. But Buſineſs requires our Attendance; Buſineſs the Youth's beſt Preſervative from ill, as Idleneſs his worſt of Snares. Will you go with me?

Barn. I'll take a little Time to reflect on what has paſt, and follow you.

SCENE III.

Barnwell.

I might have truſted *Trueman* to have applied to my Uncle to have repaired the Wrong I have done

my Maſter; but what of *Millwood*? muſt I expoſe her too? ungenerous and baſe! then Heav'n requires it not. —— But Heaven requires that I forſake her. What! never ſee her more! Does Heaven require that, —— I hope I may ſee her, and Heav'n not be offended. Preſumptuous Hope, —— dearly already have I prov'd my Frailty; ſhould I once more tempt Heav'n, I may be left to fall never to riſe again. Yet ſhall I leave her, for ever leave her, and not let her know the Cauſe? She who loves me with ſuch a boundleſs Paſſion; can Cruelty be Duty? I judge of what ſhe then muſt feel, by what I now indure. The love of Life and fear of Shame, oppos'd by Inclination ſtrong as Death or Shame, like Wind and Tide in raging Conflict met, when neither can prevail, keep me in doubt. —— How then can I determines.

SCENE IV.

Thorowgood *and* Barnwell.

Thor. Without a Cauſe aſſign'd, or Notice given, to abſent your ſelf laſt Night was a Fault, young Man, and I came to chide you for it, but hope I am prevented; that modeſt Bluſh, the Confuſion ſo viſible in your Face, ſpeak Grief and Shame: When we have offended Heaven, it requires no more; and ſhall Man, who needs himſelf to be forgiven, be harder to appeaſe: If my Pardon or Love be of moment to your Peace, look up ſecure of both.

Barn. This Goodneſs has o'er come me. [*Aſide.*] O Sir! you know not the Nature and Extent of my Offence; and I ſhou'd abuſe your miſtaken Bounty to receive 'em. Tho' I had rather die than ſpeak my Shame; tho' Racks could not have forced the guilty Secret from my Breaſt, your Kindneſs has.

Thor. Enough, enough, whate'er it be, this Concern ſhews you're convinc'd, and I am ſatisfied.

How

How painful is the Senſe of Guilt to an ingenuous Mind;——ſome youthful Folly, which it were prudent not to enquire into.——When we conſider the frail Condition of Humanity, it may raiſe our Pity, not our Wonder, that Youth ſhould go aſtray; when Reaſon, weak at the beſt when oppos'd to Inclination, ſcarce form'd, and wholly unaſſiſted by Experience, faintly contends, or willingly becomes the Slave of Senſe. The State of Youth is much to be deplored; and the more ſo becauſe they ſee it not; they being then to danger moſt expos'd, when they are leaſt prepar'd for their Defence.

Barn. It will be known, and you recall your Pardon and abhor me.

Thor. I never will; ſo Heav'n confirm to me the Pardon of my Offences. Yet be upon your Guard in this gay thoughtleſs Seaſon of your Life; now, when the Senſe of Pleaſure's quick, and Paſſion high, the voluptuous Appetites raging and fierce demand the ſtrongeſt Curb; take heed of a Relapſe: When Vice becomes habitual, the very Power of leaving it is loſt.

Barn. Hear me then on my Knees confeſs.

Thor. I will not hear a Syllable more upon this Subject; it were not Mercy, but Cruelty, to hear what muſt give you ſuch Torment to reveal.

Barn. This Generoſity amazes and diſtracts me.

Thor. This Remorſe makes thee dearer to me than if thou hadſt never offended; whatever is your Fault, of this I'm certain, 'twas harder for you to offend than me to pardon.

SCENE V.

Barnwell.

Barn. Villain, Villain, Villain! baſely to wrong ſo excellent a Man: Shou'd I again return to Folly ——— deteſted Thought; ——— but what of

Millwood then?——Why, I renounce her;——I give her up;—— the Struggle's over, and Virtue has prevail'd. Reason may convince, but Gratitude compels. This unlook'd for Generosity has sav'd me from Destruction. [*Going.*

SCENE VI.

To him a Footman.

Foot. Sir, two Ladies, from your Uncle in the Country, desire to see you.

Barn. Who shou'd they be? [*Aside.*] Tell them I'll wait upon 'em.

SCENE VII.

Barnwell.

Barn. Methinks I dread to see 'em.——Guilt, what a Coward hast thou made me?——Now every Thing alarms me.

SCENE VIII.

Another Room in Thorowgood's *House.*

Millwood *and* Lucy, *and to them a Footman.*

Foot. Ladies, he'll wait upon you immediately.

Mill. 'Tis very well.——I thank you.

SCENE IX.

Barnwell, Millwood, *and* Lucy.

Barn. Confusion! *Millwood.*

Mill. That angry Look tells me that here I'm an unwelcome Guest; I fear'd as much,——the Unhappy are so every where.

Barn.

Barn. Will nothing but my utter Ruin content you?

Mill. Unkind and cruel! lost my self, your Happiness is now my only Care.

Barn. How did you gain Admission?

Mill. Saying we were desir'd by your Uncle to visit and deliver a Message to you, we were receiv'd by the Family without suspicion, and with much respect directed here.

Barn. Why did you come at all?

Mill. I never shall trouble you more, I'm come to take my Leave for ever. Such is the Malice of my Fate. I go hopeless, despairing ever to return. This Hour is all I have left me. One short Hour is all I have to bestow on Love and you, for whom I thought the longest Life too short.

Barn. Then we are met to part for ever?

Mill. It must be so; ——yet think not that Time or Absence ever shall put a Period to my Grief, or make me love you less; tho' I must leave you, yet condemn me not.

Barn. Condemn you? No, I approve your Resolution, and rejoice to hear it; 'tis just, ——'tis necessary, — I have well weigh'd, and found it so.

Lucy. I'm afraid the young Man has more Sense than she thought he had. [*Aside.*

Barn. Before you came I had determin'd never to see you more.

Mill. Confusion! [*Aside.*

Lucy. Ay! we are all out; this is a Turn so unexpected, that I shall make nothing of my Part, they must e'en play the Scene betwixt themselves. [*Aside.*

Mill. 'Twas some relief to think, tho' absent, you would love me still; but to find, tho' Fortune had been kind, that you, more cruel and inconstant, had resolv'd to cast me off. — This, as I never cou'd expect, I have not learnt to bear.

Barn. I am sorry to hear you blame in me, a Resolution that so well becomes us both.

Mill. I have Reason for what I do, but you have none.

Barn. Can we want a Reafon for parting, who have fo many to wifh we never had met.

Mill. Look on me *Barnwell*, am I deform'd or old, that Satiety fo foon fucceeds Enjoyment? nay, look again, am I not fhe whom Yefterday you thought the faireft and the kindeft of her Sex? whofe Hand, trembling with Extacy, you preft and moulded thus, while on my Eyes you gazed with fuch delight, as if Defire increas'd by being fed.

Barn. No more, let me repent my former Follies, if poffible, without remembring what they were.

Mill. Why?

Barn. Such is my Frailty that 'tis dangerous.

Mill. Where is the Danger, fince we are to part?

Barn. The Thought of that already is too painful.

Mill. If it be painful to part, then I may hope at leaft you do not hate me?

Barn. No,——no,——I never faid I did,——O my Heart!——

Mill. Perhaps you pity me?

Barn. I do,—I do,—indeed, I do.

Mill. You'll think upon me?

Barn. Doubt it not while I can think at all.

Mill. You may judge an Embrace at parting too great a Favour, though it would be the laft? [*He draws back.*] A Look fhall then fuffice, ——farewell for ever.

SCENE X.

Barnwell.

Barn. If to refolve to fuffer be to conquer, I have conquer'd. Painful Victory!

SCENE XI.

Barnwell, Millwood *and* Lucy.

Mill. One thing I had forgot,—I never muſt return to my own Houſe again. This I thought proper to let you know, leſt your Mind ſhould change, and you ſhou'd ſeek in vain to find me there. Forgive me this ſecond Intruſion; I only came to give you this Caution, and that perhaps was needleſs.

Barn. I hope it was, yet it is kind, and I muſt thank you for it.

Mill. My Friend, your Arm. [*To* Lucy.] Now I am gone for ever. [*Going.*

Barn. One thing more;——ſure there's no danger in my knowing where you go? If you think otherwiſe?——

Mill. Alas! [*Weeping.*

Lucy. We are right I find, that's my Cue. [*Aſide.* Ah; dear Sir, ſhe's going ſhe knows not whether; but go ſhe muſt.

Barn. Humanity obliges me to wiſh you well; why will you thus expoſe your ſelf to needleſs Troubles?

Lucy. Nay, there's no help for it: She muſt quit the Town immediately, and the Kingdom as ſoon as poſſible; it was no ſmall Matter you may be ſure, that could make her reſolve to leave you.

Mill. No more, my Friend; ſince he for whoſe dear Sake alone I ſuffer, and am content to ſuffer, is kind and pities me. Wheree'er I wander through Wiles and Deſarts, benighted and forlorn, that Thought ſhall give me comfort.

Barn. For my Sake! O tell me how; which way am I ſo curs'd as to bring ſuch Ruin on thee?

Mill. No matter, I am contented with my Lot.

Barn. Leave me not in this Incertainty.

Mill. I have ſaid too much.

Barn. How, how am I the Cauſe of your Undoing?

Mill. 'Twill but increaſe your Troubles.

Barn. My Troubles can't be greater than they are.

Lucy. Well, well, Sir, if ſhe won't ſatisfy you, I will.

Barn. I am bound to you beyond Expreſſion.

Mill. Remember, Sir, that I deſir'd you not to hear it.

Barn. Begin, and eaſe my racking Expectation.

Lucy. Why you muſt know, my Lady here was an only Child; but her Parents dying while ſhe was young, left her and her Fortune, (no inconſiderable one, I aſſure you) to the Care of a Gentleman, who has a good Eſtate of his own.

Mill. Ay, ay, the barbarous Man is rich enough;—but what are Riches when compared to Love?

Lucy. For a while he perform'd the Office of a faithful Guardian, ſettled her in a Houſe, hir'd her Servants;—but you have ſeen in what manner ſhe liv'd, ſo I need ſay no more of that.

Mill. How I ſhall live hereafter, Heaven knows.

Lucy. All Things went on as one cou'd wiſh, till, ſome Time ago, his Wife dying, he fell violently in love with his Charge, and wou'd fain have marry'd her: Now the Man is neither old nor ugly, but a good perſonable ſort of a Man, but I don't know how it was ſhe cou'd never endure him; in ſhort, her ill Uſage ſo provok'd him, that he brought in an Account of his Executorſhip, wherein he makes her Debtor to him.—

Mill. A Trifle in it ſelf, but more than enough to ruin me, whom, by this unjuſt Account, he had ſtripp'd of all before.

Lucy. Now ſhe having neither Money, nor Friend, except me, who am as unfortunate as her ſelf, he compell'd her to paſs his Account, and give Bond for the Sum he demanded; but ſtill provided handſomely for her, and continued his Courtſhip, till being inform'd by his Spies (truly I ſuſpect ſome

in

in her own Family) that you were entertain'd at her Houſe, and ſtay'd with her all Night, he came this Morning raving, and ſtorming like a Madman, talks no more of Marriage; ſo there's no Hopes of making up Matters that Way, but vows her Ruin, unleſs ſhe'll allow him the ſame Favour that he ſuppoſes ſhe granted you.

Barn. Muſt ſhe be ruin'd, or find her Refuge in another's Arms?

Mill. He gave me but an Hour to reſolve in, that's happily ſpent with you;—and now I go.—

Barn. To be expos'd to all the Rigours of the various Seaſons; the Summer's parching Heat, and Winter's Cold, unhous'd to wander Friendleſs thro' the unhoſpitable World, in Miſery and Want; attended with Fear and Danger, and purſu'd by Malice and Revenge, woud'ſt thou endure all this for me, and can I do nothing, nothing to prevent it?

Lucy. 'Tis really a Pity, there can be no Way found out.

Barn. O where are all my Reſolutions now; like early Vapours, or the Morning Dew, chas'd by the Sun's warm Beams they're vaniſh'd and loſt, as tho' they had never been.

Lucy. Now I adviſ'd her, Sir, to comply with the Gentleman, that wou'd not only put an End to her Troubles, but make her Fortune at once.

Barn. Tormenting Fiend, away.—— I had rather periſh, nay, ſee her periſh, than have her ſav'd by him; I will my ſelf prevent her Ruin, tho' with my own. A Moment's Patience, I'll return immediately.——

SCENE XII.

Millwood *and* Lucy.

Lucy. 'Twas well you came, or, by what I can perceive, you had loſt him.

Mill.

Mill. That, I muſt confeſs, was a Danger I did not foreſee; I was only afraid he ſhould have come without Money. You know a Houſe of Entertainment, like mine, is not kept with nothing.

Lucy. That's very true; but then you ſhou'd be reaſonable in your Demands; 'tis pity to diſcourage a young Man.

SCENE XIII.

Barnwell, Millwood, *and* Lucy.

Barn. What am I about to do! —— Now you, who boaſt your Reaſon all-ſufficient, ſuppoſe your ſelves in my Condition, and determine for me; whether it's right to let her ſuffer for my Faults, or, by this ſmall Addition to my Guilt, prevent the ill Effects of what is paſt.

Lucy. Theſe young Sinners think every Thing in the Ways of Wickedneſs ſo ſtrange,—but I cou'd tell him that this is nothing but what's very common; for one Vice as naturally begets another, as a Father a Son:——But he'll find out that himſelf, if he lives long enough.

Barn. Here take this, and with it purchaſe your Deliverance; return to your Houſe, and live in Peace and Safety.

Mill. So I may hope to ſee you there again.

Barn. Anſwer me not,—but fly,—leaſt, in the Agonies of my Remorſe, I take again what is not mine to give, and abandon thee to Want and Miſery.

Mill. Say but you'll come.——

Barn. You are my Fate, my Heaven, or my Hell; only leave me now, diſpoſe of me hereafter as you pleaſe.

SCENE XIV.

Barnwell.

What have I done.————Were my Refolutions founded on Reafon, and fincerely made,——why then has Heaven fuffer'd me to fall? I fought not the Occafion; and, if my Heart deceives me not, Compaffion and Generofity were my Motives.—Is Virtue inconfiftent with it felf, or are Vice and Virtue only empty Names? Or do they depend on Accidents, beyond our Power to produce, or to prevent,—wherein we have no Part, and yet muft be determin'd by the Event?—But why fhould I attempt to reafon? All is Confufion, Horror, and Remorfe;—I find I am loft, caft down from all my late erected Hopes, and plung'd again in Guilt, yet fcarce know how or why——

Such undiftinguifh'd Horrors make my Brain,
Like Hell, the Seat of Darknefs, and of Pain.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Thorowgood *and* Trueman.

Thor. METHINKS I wou'd not have you only learn the Method of Merchandize, and practise it hereafter, merely as a Means of getting Wealth.——'Twill be well worth your Pains to study it as a Science.——See how it is founded in Reason, and the Nature of Things.——How it has promoted Humanity, as it has opened and yet keeps up an Intercourse between Nations, far remote from one another in Situation, Customs and Religion; promoting Arts, Industry, Peace and Plenty; by mutual Benefits diffusing mutual Love from Pole to Pole.

Tr. Something of this I have consider'd, and hope, by your Assistance, to extend my Thoughts much farther.——I have observ'd those Countries, where Trade is promoted and encouraged, do not make Discoveries to destroy, but to improve Mankind,——by Love and Friendship, to tame the fierce, and polish the most savage,——to teach them the Advantages of honest Traffick,——by taking from them, with their own Consent, their useless Superfluities, and giving them, in Return, what, from their Ignorance in manual Arts, their Situation, or some other Accident they stand in need of.——

Thor. 'Tis justly observ'd:——The populous East, luxuriant, abounds with glittering Gems, bright Pearls, aromatick Spices, and Health-restoring Drugs: The late found Western World glows with unnumber'd Veins of Gold and Silver Ore.——On every Climate, and on every Country, Heaven has

has beſtowed ſome good peculiar to it ſelf.——It is the induſtrious Merchant's Buſineſs to collect the various Bleſſings of each Soil and Climate, and, with the Product of the whole, to enrich his native Country.— Well! I have examin'd your Accounts: They are not only juſt, as I have always found them, but regularly kept, and fairly enter'd.—— I commend your Diligence. Method in Buſineſs is the ſureſt Guide. He, who neglects it, frequently ſtumbles, and always wanders perplex'd, uncertain, and in Danger. Are *Barnwell's* Accounts ready for my Inſpection; he does not uſe to be the laſt on theſe Occaſions.

Tr. Upon receiving your Orders he retir'd, I thought in ſome Confuſion.——If you pleaſe, I'll go and haſten him.——I hope he has n't been guilty of any Neglect.

Thor. I'm now going to the *Exchange*; let him know, at my Return, I expect to find him ready.

SCENE II.

Maria *with a Book ſits and reads.*

Ma. How forcible is Truth? The weakeſt Mind, inſpir'd with Love of that,——fix'd and collected in it ſelf,——with Indifference beholds——the united Force of Earth and Hell oppoſing: Such Souls are rais'd above the Senſe of Pain, or ſo ſupported, that they regard it not. The Martyr cheaply purchaſes his Heaven.——Small are his Sufferings, great is his Reward;——not ſo the Wretch, who combats Love with Duty; when the Mind, weaken'd and diſſolved by the ſoft Paſſion, feeble and hopeleſs oppoſes its own Deſires.——What is an Hour, a Day, a Year of Pain, to a whole Life of Tortures, ſuch as theſe?

SCENE

SCENE III.

Trueman *and* Maria.

Tr. O, *Barnwell!* —— O, my Friend, how art thou fallen?

Ma. Ha! *Barnwell!* What of him? Speak, ſay what of *Barnwell.*

Tr. 'Tis not to be conceal'd.——Iv'e News to tell of him that will afflict your generous Father, your ſelf, and all who knew him.

Ma. Defend us Heaven!

Tr. I cannot ſpeak it.——See there.

[*Gives a Letter,* Maria *reads.*

Trueman,

I *Know my Abſence will ſurprize my honour'd Maſter, and your ſelf; and the more, when you ſhall underſtand that the Reaſon of my withdrawing, is my having embezzled part of the Caſh with which I was entruſted. After this, 'tis needleſs to inform you that I intend never to return again: Though this might have been known, by examining my Accounts; yet, to prevent that unneceſſary Trouble, and to cut off all fruitleſs Expectations of my Return, I have left this from the loſt*

George Barnwell.

Tr. Loſt indeed! Yet how he ſhou'd be guilty of what he there charges himſelf withal, raiſes my Wonder equal to my Grief.——Never had Youth a higher Senſe of Virtue——Juſtly he thought, and as he thought he practiſed; never was Life more regular than his; an Underſtanding uncommon at his Years; an open, generous, manlineſs of Temper; his Manners eaſy, unaffected and engaging.

Ma. This and much more you might have ſaid with Truth.——He was the delight of every Eye, and Joy of every Heart that knew him.

Tr. Since ſuch he was, and was my Friend, can I ſupport his Loſs?——See the faireſt and happieſt Maid this wealthy City boaſts, kindly condeſcends to weep for thy unhappy Fate, poor ruin'd *Barnwell!*

Ma. *Trueman*, Do you think a Soul ſo delicate as his, ſo ſenſible of Shame, can e'er ſubmit to live a Slave to Vice?

Tr. Never, never. So well I know him, I'm ſure this Act of his, ſo contrary to his Nature, muſt have been cauſed by ſome unavoidable Neceſſity.

Ma. Is there no Means yet to preſerve him?

Tr. O! that there were.——But few Men recover Reputation loſt.——A Merchant never.——Nor wou'd he, I fear, though I ſhou'd find him, ever be brought to look his injur'd Maſter in the Face.

Ma. I fear as much,——and therefore wou'd never have my Father know it.

Tr. That's impoſſible.

Ma. What's the Sum?

Tr. 'Tis conſiderable.——I've mark'd it here, to ſhow it, with the Letter, to your Father, at his Return.

Ma. If I ſhou'd ſupply the Money, cou'd you ſo diſpoſe of that, and the Account, as to conceal this unhappy Miſmanagement from my Father.

Tr. Nothing more eaſy:—But can you intend it? Will you ſave a helpleſs Wretch from Ruin? Oh! 'twere an Act worthy ſuch exalted Virtue, as *Maria's*.—Sure Heaven, in Mercy to my Friend, inſpired the generous Thought.

Ma. Doubt not but I wou'd purchaſe ſo great a Happineſs at a much dearer Price.——But how ſhall he be found?

Tr. Truſt to my Diligence for that.——In the mean time, I'll conceal his Abſence from your Father, or find ſuch Excuſes for it, that the real Cauſe ſhall never be ſuſpected.

Ma. In attempting to save from Shame, one whom we hope may yet return to Virtue, to Heaven; and you, the Judges of this Action, I appeal, whether I have done any thing misbecoming my Sex and Character.

Tr. Earth must approve the Deed, and Heaven, I doubt not, will reward it.

Ma. If Heaven succeed it, I am well rewarded. A Virgin's Fame is sullied by Suspicion's slightest Breath; and therefore as this must be a Secret from my Father, and the World, for *Barnwell*'s sake; for mine let it be so to him.

——SCENE IV. Milwood's *House.*

Lucy *and* Blunt.

Lucy. Well! what do you think of *Millwood*'s Conduct now!

Blunt. I own it is surprizing:——I don't know which to admire most, her feign'd, or his real Passion; tho' I have sometimes been afraid that her Avarice wou'd discover her:——But his Youth and want of Experience make it the easier to impose on him.

Lucy. No, it is his Love. To do him Justice, notwithstanding his Youth, he don't want Understanding; but you Men are much easier imposed on, in these Affairs, than your Vanity will allow you to believe.——Let me see the wisest of you all, as much in Love with me, as *Barnwell* is with *Millwood*, and I'll engage to make as great a Fool of him.

Blunt. And all Circumstances consider'd, to make as much Money of him too.

Lucy. I can't answer for that. Her Artifice in making him rob his Master at first, and the various Stratagems, by which she has obliged him to continue in that Course, astonish even me, who know her so well.——

Blunt. But then you are to consider that the Money was his Master's.

Lucy. There was the Difficulty of it.——Had it been his own, it had been nothing.——Were the World his, she might have it for a Smile:——But those golden Days are done;———he's ruin'd, and *Millwood*'s Hopes of farther Profits there, are at an End.

Blunt. That's no more than we all expected.

Lucy. Being call'd, by his Master, to make up his Accounts, he was forc'd to quit his House and Service, and wisely flies to *Millwood* for Relief and Entertainment.

Blunt. I have not heard of this before! How did she receive him?

Lucy. As you wou'd expect.———She wonder'd what he meant, was astonish'd at his Impudence,—and, with an Air of Modesty peculiar to her self, swore so heartily, that she never saw him before,—that she put me out of Countenance.

Blunt. That's much indeed! But how did *Barnwell* behave?

Lucy. He griev'd, and, at length, enrag'd at this barbarous Treatment, was preparing to be gone; and, making toward the Door, show'd a Bag of Money, which he had stol'n from his Master,—the last he's ever like to have from thence.

Blunt. But then *Millwood?*

Lucy. Aye, she, with her usual Address, return'd to her old Arts of lying, swearing, and dissembling.——Hung on his Neck, and wept, and swore 'twas meant in Jest; till the easy Fool, melted into Tears, threw the Money into her Lap, and swore he had rather die, than think her false.

Blunt. Strange Infatuation!

Lucy. But what follow'd was stranger still. As Doubts and Fears, follow'd by Reconcilement, ever increase Love, where the Passion is sincere; so in him it caus'd so wild a Transport of excessive

Fondneſs, ſuch Joy, ſuch Grief, ſuch Pleaſure, and ſuch Anguiſh, that Nature in him ſeem'd ſinking with the Weight, and the charm'd Soul diſpos'd to quit his Breaſt for hers, —— juſt then, when every Paſſion with lawleſs Anarchy prevail'd,——and Reaſon was in the raging Tempeſt loſt;——the cruel artful *Millwood* prevail'd upon the wretched Youth to promiſe what I tremble but to think on.

Blunt. I am amaz'd! what can it be?

Lucy. You will be more ſo, to hear it is to attempt the Life of his neareſt Relation, and beſt Benefactor.——

Blunt. His Uncle, whom we have often heard him ſpeak of, as a Gentleman of a large Eſtate and fair Character in the Country, where he lives.

Lucy. The ſame.——She was no ſooner poſſeſs'd of the laſt dear Purchaſe of his Ruin, but her Avarice, inſatiate as the Grave, demands this horrid Sacrifice,——*Barnwell's* near Relation, and unſuſpected Virtue muſt give too eaſy Means to ſeize the good Man's Treaſure; whoſe Blood muſt ſeal the dreadful Secret, and prevent the Terrors of her guilty Fears.

Blunt. Is it poſſible ſhe cou'd perſwade him to do an Act like that! He is, by Nature, honeſt, grateful, compaſſionate, and generous: And though his Love, and her artful Perſwaſions, have wrought him to practiſe what he moſt abhors; yet we all can witneſs for him, with what Reluctance he has ſtill comply'd! So many Tears he ſhed o'er each Offence, as might, if poſſible, ſanctify Theft, and make a Merit of a Crime.

Lucy. 'Tis true, at the naming the Murder of his Uncle, he ſtarted into Rage; and, breaking from her Arms, where ſhe till then had held him, with well diſſembled Love and falſe Endearments, call'd her, cruel Monſter, Devil, and told her ſhe was born for his Deſtruction.——She thought it not for her Purpoſe to meet his Rage with Rage,

but

but affected a moſt paſſionate Fit of Grief;——rail'd at her Fate, and curs'd her wayward Stars,—— that ſtill her Wants ſhou'd force her to preſs him to act ſuch Deeds, as ſhe muſt needs abhor, as well as he; but told him Neceſſity had no Law, and Love no Bounds; that therefore he never truly lov'd, but meant, in her Neceſſity, to forſake her;——then kneel'd and ſwore, that ſince, by his Refuſal, he had given her Cauſe to doubt his Love, ſhe never wou'd ſee him more; unleſs, to prove it true, he robb'd his Uncle to ſupply her Wants, and murder'd him, to keep it from Diſcovery.

Blunt. I am aſtoniſh'd! What ſaid he?

Lucy. Speechleſs he ſtood; but in his Face you might have read, that various Paſſions tore his very Soul. Oft he, in Anguiſh, threw his Eyes towards Heaven, and then as often bent their Beams on her; then wept and groan'd, and beat his Breaſt; at length, with Horror, not to be expreſs'd, he cry'd, Thou curſed Fair! have I not given dreadful Proofs of Love! What drew me from my youthful Innocence, to ſtain my then unſpotted Soul, but Love? What caus'd me to rob my gentle Maſter, but curſed Love? What makes me now a Fugitive from his Service, loath'd by my ſelf, and ſcorn'd by all the World, but Love? What fills my Eyes with Tears, my Soul with Torture, never felt on this ſide Death before? Why Love, Love, Love. And why, above all, do I reſolve, (for, tearing his Hair, he cry'd I do reſolve) to kill my Uncle.

Blunt. Was ſhe not mov'd? It makes me weep to hear the ſad Relation.

Lucy. Yes, with Joy, that ſhe had gain'd her Point.——She gave him no Time to cool, but urg'd him to attempt it inſtantly. He's now gone; if he performs it, and eſcapes, there's more Money for her; if not, he'll ne'er return, and then ſhe's fairly rid of him.

Blunt. 'Tis time the World was rid of ſuch a Monſter.——

Lucy. If we don't do our Endeavours to prevent this Murder, we are as bad as ſhe.

Blunt. I'm afraid it is too late.

Lucy. Perhaps not.——Her Barbarity to *Barnwell* makes me hate her.——We've run too great a Length with her already.——I did not think her or my ſelf ſo wicked, as I find, upon Reflection, we are.

Blunt. 'Tis true, we have all been too much ſo. ——But there is ſomething ſo horrid in Murder,—that all other Crimes ſeem nothing when compared to that.——I wou'd not be involv'd in the Guilt of that for all the World.

Lucy. Nor I, Heaven knows;——therefore let us clear our ſelves, by doing all that is in our Power to prevent it. I have juſt thought of a Way, that, to me, ſeems probable.——Will you join with me to detect this curs'd Deſign?

Blunt. With all my Heart.——How elſe ſhall I clear my ſelf? He who knows of a Murder intended to be committed, and does not diſcover it, in the Eye of the Law, and Reaſon, is a Murderer.

Lucy. Let us loſe no Time;——I'll acquaint you with the Particulars as we go.

SCENE V.

A Walk at ſome Diſtance from a Country Seat.

Barnwell.

A diſmal Gloom obſcures the Face of Day; either the Sun has ſlip'd behind a Cloud, or journeys down the Weſt of Heaven, with more than common Speed, to avoid the Sight of what I'm doom'd to act. Since I ſet forth on this accurſed Deſign, where'er I tread, methinks, the ſolid Earth trembles beneath my Feet. ——— Yonder limpid

pid Stream, whofe hoary Fall has made a natural Cafcade, as I pafs'd by, in doleful Accents feem'd to murmur, Murder. The Earth, the Air, and Water, feem concern'd; but that's not ftrange, the World is punifh'd, and Nature feels the Shock, when Providence permits a good Man's Fall!—— Juft Heaven! Then what fhou'd I be! for him that was my Father's only Brother, and fince his Death has been to me a Father, who took me up an Infant, and an Orphan; rear'd me with tendereft Care, and ftill indulged me with moft paternal Fondnefs;——yet here I ftand avow'd his deftin'd Murderer:——I ftiffen with Horror at my own Impiety;——'tis yet unperform'd.——What if I quit my bloody Purpofe, and fly the Place! [*Going, then ftops.*]——But whether, O whether, fhall I fly!——My Mafter's once friendly Doors are ever fhut againft me; and without Money *Millwood* will never fee me more, and Life is not to be endured without her:—She's got fuch firm Poffeffion of my Heart, and governs there with fuch defpotick Sway;——Aye, there's the Caufe of all my Sin and Sorrow:——'Tis more than Love; 'tis the Fever of the Soul, and Madnefs of Defire.——In vain does Nature, Reafon, Confcience, all oppofe it; the impetuous Paffion bears down all before it, and drives me on to Luft, to Theft, and Murder.—— Oh Confcience! feeble Guide to Virtue, who only fhows us when we go aftray, but wants the Power to ftop us in our Courfe.——Ha! in yonder fhady Walk I fee my Uncle.——He's alone.—— Now for my Difguife.——[*Plucks out a Vizor.*] This is his Hour of private Meditation. Thus daily he prepares his Soul for Heaven,——whilft I—— But what have I to do with Heaven!——Ha! No Struggles, Confcience.——

Hence! Hence Remorfe, and ev'ry Thought that's good;
The Storm that Luft began, muft end in Blood.

[*Puts on the Vizor, and draws a Piftol.*

 SCENE

SCENE VI.

A close Walk in a Wood.

Uncle.

If I was superstitious, I shou'd fear some Danger lurk'd unseen, or Death were nigh: —— A heavy Melancholy clouds my Spirits; my Imagination is fill'd with gashly Forms of dreary Graves, and Bodies chang'd by Death, —— when the pale lengthen'd Visage attracks each weeping Eye, —— and fills the musing Soul, at once, with Grief and Horror, Pity and Aversion. —— I will indulge the Thought. The wise Man prepares himself for Death, by making it familiar to his Mind. —— When strong Reflections hold the Mirror near, —— and the Living in the Dead behold their future selves, how does each inordinate Passion and Desire cease or sicken at the View? —— The Mind scarce moves; —— The Blood, curdling, and chill'd, creeps slowly thro' the Veins, —— fix'd, still, and motionless, like the solemn Object of our Thoughts. —— We are almost at present —— what we must be hereafter, 'till Curiosity awakes the Soul, and sets it on Inquiry. ——

SCENE VII.

Uncle, George Barnwell *at a Distance.*

Uncle. O Death, thou strange mysterious Power, —— seen every Day, yet never understood —— but by the incommunicative Dead, What art thou? —— The extensive Mind of Man, that with a Thought circles the Earth's vast Globe, —— sinks to the Centre, or ascends above the Stars; that World's exotick finds, or thinks it finds, —— thy thick

thick Clouds attempts to paſs in vain, loſt and bewilder'd in the horrid Gloom,—defeated ſhe returns more doubtful than before; of nothing certain, but of Labour loſt.

[*During this Speech,* Barnwell *ſometimes preſents the Piſtol, and draws it back again; at laſt he drops it,* —— *at which his Uncle ſtarts, and draws his Sword.*

Barn. Oh, 'tis impoſſible!

Uncle. A Man ſo near me, arm'd and maſqu'd!

Barn. Nay, then there's no Retreat.

[*Plucks a Poniard from his Boſom, and ſtabs him.*

Uncle. Oh! I am ſlain! All gracious Heaven regard the Prayer of thy dying Servant. Bleſs, with thy choiceſt Bleſſings, my deareſt Nephew; forgive my Murderer, and take my fleeting Soul to endleſs Mercy.

[*Barnwell throws off his Mask, runs to him, and, kneeling by him, raiſes and chaſes him.*

Barn. Expiring Saint! Oh, murder'd, martyr'd Uncle! Lift up your dying Eyes, and view your Nephew in your Murderer.——O do not look ſo tenderly upon me.—Let Indignation lighten from your Eyes, and blaſt me e're you die.——By Heaven, he weeps in Pity of my Woes.——Tears,——Tears, for Blood.——The Murder'd, in the Agonies of Death, weeps for his Murderer.——O, ſpeak your pious Purpoſe,——pronounce my Pardon then,—— and take me with you.——He wou'd, but cannot.—— O why, with ſuch fond Affection do you preſs my murdering Hand!———What! will you kiſs me!

[*Kiſſes him.*

Uncle. Groans and dies.

Barn. He's gone for ever,—and oh! I follow.— [*Swoons away upon his Uncle's dead Body.*] Do I ſtill live to preſs the ſuffering Boſom of the Earth?—— Do I ſtill breath, and taint with my infectious Breath the wholeſome Air!——Let Heaven, from its high Throne, in Juſtice or in Mercy, now look down on

that dear murder'd Saint, and me the Murderer.—— And, if his Vengeance ſpares, —— let Pity ſtrike and end my wretched Being. —— Murder the worſt of Crimes, and Parricide the worſt of Murders, and this the worſt of Parricides. *Cain*, who ſtands on Record from the Birth of Time, and muſt to its laſt final Period, as accurs'd, ſlew a Brother, favour'd above him.——Deteſted *Nero*, by another's Hand, diſpatch'd a Mother, that he fear'd and hated.——But I, with my own Hand, have murder'd a Brother, Mother, Father, and a Friend; moſt loving and belov'd.——This execrable Act of mine's without a Parallel.——O may it ever ſtand alone,—the laſt of Murders, as it is the worſt.——

The rich Man thus, in Torment and Deſpair,
Prefer'd his vain, but charitable Prayer.
The Fool, his own Soul loſt, wou'd fain be wiſe
For others Good; but Heaven his Suit denies.
By Laws and Means well known we ſtand or fall,
And one eternal Rule remains for all.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Maria.

Ma. HOW falſly do they judge who cenſure or applaud, as we're afflicted or rewarded here. I know I am unhappy, yet cannot charge my ſelf with any Crime, more than the common Frailties of our Kind, that ſhou'd provoke juſt Heaven to mark me out for Sufferings ſo uncommon and ſevere. Falſly to accuſe our ſelves, Heaven muſt abhor, then it is juſt and right that Innocence ſhould ſuffer; for Heaven muſt be juſt in all its Ways.——Perhaps by that they are kept from moral Evils, much worſe than penal, or more im-prov'd in Virtue: Or may not the leſſer Ills that they ſuſtain, be the Means of greater Good to others? Might all the joyleſs Days and ſleepleſs Nights that I have paſt, but purchaſe Peace for thee——

Thou dear, dear Cauſe of all my Grief and Pain,
Small were the Loſs, and infinite the Gain:
Tho' to the Grave in ſecret Love I pine,
So Life, and Fame, and Happineſs were thine.

SCENE II.

Trueman *and* Maria.

Ma. What News of *Barnwell?*

Tr. None.——I have ſought him with the greateſt Diligence, but all in vain.

Ma. Doth my Father yet ſuſpect the Cauſe of his abſenting himſelf?

Tr. All appear'd ſo juſt and fair to him, it is not poſſible he ever ſhou'd; but his Abſence will no longer be conceal'd. Your Father's wiſe; and though he ſeems to hearken to the friendly Excuſes, I wou'd make for *Barnwell*; yet, I am afraid, he regards 'em only as ſuch, without ſuffering them to influence his Judgment.

Ma. How does the unhappy Youth defeat all our Deſigns to ſerve him, yet I can never repent what we have done. Shou'd he return, 'twill make his Reconciliation with my Father eaſier, and preſerve him from future Reproach from a malicious unforgiving World.

SCENE III.

(To them.) Thorowgood *and* Lucy.

Thor. This Woman here has given me a ſad, (and bating ſome Circumſtances) too probable Account of *Barnwell's* Defection.

Lucy. I am ſorry, Sir, that my frank Confeſſion of my former unhappy Courſe of Life ſhou'd cauſe you to ſuſpect my Truth on this Occaſion.

Thor. It is not that; your Confeſſion has in it all the Appearance of Truth, [*To them.*] Among many other Particulars, ſhe informs me that *Barnwell* has been influenc'd to break his Truſt, and wrong me, at ſeveral Times, of conſiderable Sums of Money; now, as I know this to be falſe, I wou'd fain doubt the whole of her Relation,—too dreadful—to be willingly believ'd.

Ma. Sir, your Pardon; I find my ſelf on a ſudden ſo indiſpos'd, that I muſt retire.——Providence oppoſes all Attempts to ſave him.——Poor ruin'd *Barnwell!*—Wretched loſt *Maria!*— [*Aſide.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Thorowgood, Trueman *and* Lucy.

Thor. How am I diftrefs'd on every Side? Pity for that unhappy Youth, fear for the Life of a much valued Friend—and then my Child—the only Joy and Hope of my declining Life. Her Melancholy increafes hourly, and gives me painful Apprehenfions of her Lofs. —— O *Trueman!* this Perfon informs me, that your Friend, at the Inftigation of an impious Woman, is gone to rob and murder his venerable Uncle.

Tr. O execrable Deed, I am blafted with the Horror of the Thought.

Lucy. This Delay may ruin all.

Thor. What to do or think I know not; that he ever wrong'd me, I know is falfe,—the reft may be fo too, there's all my Hope.

Tr. Truft not to that, rather fuppofe all true than lofe a Moment's Time; even now the horrid Deed may be a doing;—dreadful Imagination;—or it may be done, and we are vainly debating on the Means to prevent what is already paft.

Thor. This Earneftnefs convinces me that he knows more than he has yet difcover'd. What ho! without there! who waits?

SCENE V.

(*To them.*) *A Servant.*

Thor. Order the Groom to faddle the fwifteft Horfe, and prepare himfelf to fet out with Speed. —— An Affair of Life and Death demands his Diligence.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Thorowgood, Trueman *and* Lucy.

Thor. For you, whofe Behaviour on this Occafion I have no Time to commend as it deferves, I muft ingage your farther Affiftance. — Return and obferve this *Millwood* till I come. I have your Directions, and will follow you as foon as poffible.

SCENE VII.

Thorowgood *and* Trueman.

Thor. Trueman, you I am fure wou'd not be idle on this Occafion.

SCENE VIII.

Trueman.

He only who is a Friend can judge of my Diftrefs.

SCENE IX. Millwood's *Houfe*.

Millwood.

I wifh I knew the Event of his Defign; ———— the Attempt without Succefs would ruin him. ———— Well! what have I to apprehend from that? I fear too much. The Mifchief being only intended, his Friends, in pity of his Youth, turn all their Rage on me. I fhould have thought of that before. —— Suppofe the Deed done, then, and then only I fhall be fecure; or what if he returns without attempting it at all?

SCENE X.

Millwood, *and* Barnwell *bloody.*

Mill. But he is here, and I have done him wrong; his bloody Hands ſhow he has done the Deed, but ſhow he wants the Prudence to conceal it.

Barn. Where ſhall I hide me? whether ſhall I fly to avoid the ſwift unerring Hand of Juſtice?

Mill. Diſmiſs thoſe Fears; tho' Thouſands had purſu'd you to the Door, yet being enter'd here you are ſafe as Innocence; I have ſuch a Cavern, by Art ſo cunningly contriv'd, that the piercing Eyes of Jealouſy and Revenge may ſearch in vain, nor find the Entrance to the ſafe Retreat, there will I hide you if any Danger's near.

Barn. O hide me from my ſelf if it be poſſible; for while I bear my Conſcience in my Boſom, tho' I were hid where Man's Eye never ſaw, nor Light e'er dawn'd, 'twere all in vain. For that inmate, —that impartial Judge, will try, convict, and ſentence me for Murder; and execute me with never ending Torments. Behold theſe Hands all crimſon'd o'er with my dear Uncle's Blood! Here's a Sight to make a Statue ſtart with Horror, or turn a living Man into a Statue.

Mill. Ridiculous! Then it ſeems you are afraid of your own Shadow; or what's leſs than a Shadow, your Conſcience.

Barn. Tho' to Man unknown I did the accurſed Act, what can we hide from Heav'ns omniſcient Eye?

Mill. No more of this Stuff;——what advantage have you made of his Death? or what advantage may yet be made of it?——did you ſecure the Keys of his Treaſure,——thoſe no doubt were about

about him? —— what Gold, what Jewels, or what elſe of Value have you brought me?

Barn. Think you I added Sacrilege to Murder? Oh! had you ſeen him as his Life flowed from him in a Crimſon Flood, and heard him praying for me by the double Name of Nephew and of Murderer; alas, alas! he knew not then that his Nephew was his Murderer; how wou'd you have wiſh'd as I did, tho' you had a thouſand Years of Life to come, to have given them all to have lengthen'd his one Hour. But being dead, I fled the Sight of what my Hands had done, nor cou'd I to have gain'd the Empire of the World, have violated by Theft his ſacred Corps.

Mill. Whining prepoſterous canting Villain, to murder your Uncle, rob him of Life, Natures firſt, laſt, dear Prerogative, after which there's no Injury, then fear to take what he no longer wanted; and bring to me your Penury and Guilt. Do you think I'll hazard my Reputation; nay my Life to entertain you?

Barn. Oh! —*Millwood!* —this from thee;—but I have done,—if you hate me, if you wiſh me dead; then are you happy, — for Oh! 'tis ſure my Grief will quickly end me.

Mill. In his Madneſs he will diſcover all, and involve me in his Ruin; —we are on a Precipice from whence there's no Retreat for both, —then to preſerve my ſelf.—— [*Pauſes.*] There is no other Way, —— 'tis dreadful, —— but Reflection comes too late when Danger's preſſing,—and there's no room for Choice.——It muſt be done. [*Stamps.*

SCENE

SCENE XI.

(To them) A Servant.

Mill. Fetch me an Officer and ſeize this Villain; he has confeſs'd himſelf a Murderer, ſhou'd I let him eſcape, I juſtly might be thought as bad as he.

SCENE XII.

Millwood *and* Barnwell.

Barn. O *Millwood!* ſure thou doſt not, cannot mean it. Stop the Meſſenger, upon my Knees I beg you, call him back. 'Tis fit I die indeed, but not by you. I will this Inſtant deliver my ſelf into the Hands of Juſtice, indeed I will, for Death is all I wiſh. But thy Ingratitude ſo tears my wounded Soul, 'tis worſe ten thouſand times than Death with Torture.

Mill. Call it what you will, I am willing to live; and live ſecure; which nothing but your Death can warrant.

Barn. If there be a Pitch of Wickedneſs that ſeats the Author beyond the reach of Vengeance, you muſt be ſecure. But what remains for me, but a diſmal Dungeon, hard-galling Fetters, an awful Tryal, and ignominious Death, juſtly to fall unpitied and abhorr'd?——After Death to be ſuſpended between Heaven and Earth, a dreadful Spectacle, the warning and horror of a gaping Croud. This I cou'd bear, nay wiſh not to avoid, had it but come from any Hand but thine.——

SCENE XIII.

Millwood, Barnwell, Blunt, *Officer and Attendants.*

Mill. Heaven defend me! Conceal a Murderer! here, Sir, take this Youth into your Cuſtody, I accuſe him

him of Murder; and will appear to make good my Charge. [*They ſeize him.*

Barn. To whom, of what, or how ſhall I complain; I'll not accuſe her, the Hand of Heav'n is in it, and this the Puniſhment of Luſt and Parricide; yet Heav'n that juſtly cuts me off, ſtill ſuffers her to live, perhaps to puniſh others; tremendous Mercy! ſo Fiends are curs'd with Immortality, to be the Executioners of Heaven.——

Be warn'd ye Youths, who ſee my ſad Deſpair,
Avoid lewd Women, Falſe as they are Fair,
By Reaſon guided, honeſt Joys purſue,
The Fair to Honour, and to Virtue true,
Juſt to her ſelf, will ne'er be falſe to you.
By my Example learn to ſhun my Fate,
(How wretched is the Man who's wiſe too late?)
E'er Innocence, and Fame, and Life be loſt,
Here purchaſe Wiſdom, cheaply, at my Coſt.

SCENE XIV.

Millwood *and* Blunt.

Mill. Where's *Lucy*, why is ſhe abſent at ſuch a Time?

Blunt. Wou'd I had been ſo too, thou Devil!

Mill. Inſolent! this to me?

Blunt. The worſt that we know of the Devil is, that he firſt ſeduces to Sin, and then betrays to Puniſhment.

SCENE XV.

Millwood.

They diſapprove of my Conduct,——and mean to take this Opportunity to ſet up for themſelves. ——My Ruin is reſolv'd,——I ſee my Danger,
but

but ſcorn both it and them.——I was not born to fall by ſuch weak Inſtruments.—— [*Going.*

SCENE XVI.

Thorowgood *and* Millwood.

Thor. Where is this Scandal of her own Sex, and Curſe of ours?

Mill. What means this Inſolence? Who do you ſeek?

Thor. *Millwood.*

Mill. Well, you have found her then. — I am *Millwood.*——

Thor. Then you are the moſt impious Wretch that e'er the Sun beheld.

Mill. From your Appearance I ſhou'd have expected Wiſdom and Moderation, but your Manners bely your Aſpect.——What is your Buſineſs here? I know you not.

Thor. Hereafter you may know me better; I am *Barnwell*'s Maſter.

Mill. Then you are Maſter to a Villain; which, I think, is not much to your Credit.

Thor. Had he been as much above thy Arts, as my Credit is ſuperior to thy Malice, I need not bluſh to own him.

Mill. My Arts;——I don't underſtand you, Sir! If he has done amiſs, what's that to me? Was he my Servant, or yours?—You ſhou'd have taught him better.

Thor. Why ſhou'd I wonder to find ſuch uncommon Impudence in one arriv'd to ſuch a Height of Wickedneſs.——When Innocence is baniſh'd, Modeſty ſoon follows. Know, Sorcereſs, I'm not ignorant of any of your Arts, by which you firſt deceiv'd the unwary Youth: I know how, Step by Step, you've led him on, (reluctant and unwilling) from Crime to Crime, to this laſt horrid Act, which

you contriv'd, and, by your curs'd Wiles, even forced him to commit, and then betray'd him.

Mill. Ha! *Lucy* has got the Advantage of me, and accused me first, unless I can turn the Accusation, and fix it upon her and *Blunt*, I am lost. [*Aside.*

Thor. Had I known your cruel Design sooner, it had been prevented. To see you punish'd as the Law directs, is all that now remains.——Poor Satisfaction,——for he, innocent as he is, compared to you, must suffer too. But Heaven, who knows our Frame, and graciously distinguishes between Frailty and Presumption, will make a Difference, tho' Man cannot, who sees not the Heart, but only judges by the outward Action.——

Mill. I find, Sir, we are both unhappy in our Servants. I was surpriz'd at such ill Treatment, from a Gentleman of your Appearance, without Cause, and therefore too hastily return'd it; for which I ask your Pardon. I now perceive you have been so far impos'd on, as to think me engaged in a former Correspondence with your Servant, and, some Way or other, accessary to his Undoing.

Thor. I charge you as the Cause, the sole Cause of all his Guilt, and all his Suffering, of all he now endures, and must endure, till a violent and shameful Death shall put a dreadful Period to his Life and Miseries together.

Mill. 'Tis very strange; but who's secure from Scandal and Detraction?——So far from contributing to his Ruin, I never spoke to him till since that fatal Accident, which I lament as much as you: 'Tis true, I have a Servant, on whose Account he has of late frequented my House; if she has abus'd my good Opinion of her, am I to blame? Has n't *Barnwell* done the same by you?

Thor. I hear you; pray go on.

Mill. I have been inform'd he had a violent Passion for her, and she for him; but I always thought it innocent; I know her poor, and given to expensive

Plea-

Pleafures. Now who can tell but fhe may have influenced the amorous Youth to commit this Murder, to fupply her Extravagancies, it muft be fo.—— I now recollect a thoufand Circumftances that confirm it: I'll have her and a Man Servant, that I fufpect as an Accomplice, fecured immediately. I hope, Sir, you will lay afide your ill-grounded Sufpicions of me, and join to punifh the real Contrivers of this bloody Deed. [*Offers to go.*

Thor. Madam, you pafs not this Way: I fee your Defign, but fhall protect them from your Malice.

Mill. I hope you will not ufe your Influence, and the Credit of your Name, to skreen fuch guilty Wretches. Confider, Sir! the Wickednefs of perfwading a thoughtlefs Youth to fuch a Crime.

Thor. I do,—and of betraying him when it was done.

Mill. That which you call betraying him, may convince you of my Innocence. She who loves him, tho' fhe contriv'd the Murder, would never have deliver'd him into the Hands of Juftice, as I (ftruck with the Horror of his Crimes) have done.—

Thor. How fhou'd an unexperienc'd Youth efcape her Snares; the powerful Magick of her Wit and Form, might betray the wifeft to fimple Dotage, and fire the Blood that Age had froze long fince. Even I, that with juft Prejudice came prepared, had, by her artful Story, been deceiv'd, but that my ftrong Conviction of her Guilt makes even a Doubt impoffible. Thofe whom fubtilly you wou'd accufe, you know are your Accufers; and what proves unanfwerably, their Innocence, and your Guilt; they accus'd you before the Deed was done, and did all that was in their Power to have prevented it.

Mill. Sir, you are very hard to be convinc'd; but I have fuch a Proof, which, when produced, will filence all Objections.

SCENE XVII.

Thorowgood, Lucy, Trueman, Blunt, Officers, *&c.*

Lucy. Gentlemen, pray place your ſelves, ſome on one Side of that Door, and ſome on the other; watch her Entrance, and act as your Prudence ſhall direct you.——This Way—[*to* Thorowgood] and note her Behaviour; I have obſerv'd her, ſhe's driven to the laſt Extremity, and is forming ſome deſperate Reſolution.——I gueſs at her Deſign.——

SCENE XVIII.

To them, Millwood *with a Piſtol*,——Trueman *ſecures her.*

Tr. Here thy Power of doing Miſchief ends; deceitful, cruel, bloody Woman!

Mill. Fool, Hypocrite, Villain.——Man! thou can'ſt not call me that.

Tr. To call thee Woman, were to wrong the Sex, thou Devil!

Mill. That imaginary Being is an Emblem of thy curſed Sex collected. A Mirrour, wherein each particular Man may ſee his own Likeneſs, and that of all Mankind.

Tr. Think not by aggravating the Fault of others to extenuate thy own, of which the Abuſe of ſuch uncommon Perfections of Mind and Body is not the leaſt.

Mill. If ſuch I had, well may I curſe your barbarous Sex, who robb'd me of 'em, e'er I knew their Worth, then left me, too late, to count their Value by their Loſs. Another and another Spoiler came, and all my Gain was Poverty and Reproach. My Soul diſdain'd, and yet diſdains Dependance and Contempt. Riches, no Matter by what Means obtain'd,

obtain'd, I ſaw ſecur'd the worſt of Men from both; I found it therefore neceſſary to be rich; and, to that End, I ſummon'd all my Arts. You call 'em wicked, be it ſo, they were ſuch as my Converſation with your Sex had furniſh'd me withal.

Thor. Sure none but the worſt of Men convers'd with thee.

Mill. Men of all Degrees and all Profeſſions I have known, yet found no Difference, but in their ſeveral Capacities; all were alike wicked to the utmoſt of their Power. In Pride, Contention, Avarice, Cruelty, and Revenge, the Reverend Prieſthood were my unering Guides. From Suburb-Magiſtrates, who live by ruin'd Reputations, as the unhoſpitable Natives of *Cornwall* do by Ship-wrecks, I learn'd, that to charge my innocent Neighbours with my Crimes, was to merit their Protection; for to skreen the Guilty, is the leſs ſcandalous, when many are ſuſpected, and Detraction, like Darkneſs and Death, blackens all Objects, and levels all Diſtinction. Such are your venal Magiſtrates, who favour none but ſuch as, by their Office, they are ſworn to puniſh: With them not to be guilty, is the worſt of Crimes; and large Fees privately paid, is every needful Virtue.

Thor. Your Practice has ſufficiently diſcover'd your Contempt of Laws, both human and divine; no wonder then that you ſhou'd hate the Officers of both.

Mill. I hate you all, I know you, and expect no Mercy; nay, I ask for none; I have done nothing that I am ſorry for; I follow'd my Inclinations, and that the beſt of you does every Day. All Actions are alike natural and indifferent to Man and Beaſt, who devour, or are devour'd, as they meet with others weaker or ſtronger than themſelves.

Thor. What Pity it is, a Mind ſo comprehenſive, daring and inquiſitive, ſhou'd be a Stranger to Religion's ſweet, but powerful Charms.

Mill. I am not Fool enough to be an Atheiſt, tho' I have known enough of Mens Hypocriſy to make a thouſand ſimple Women ſo. Whatever Religion is in it ſelf, as practis'd by Mankind, it has caus'd the Evils, you ſay, it was deſign'd to cure. War, Plague, and Famine, has not deſtroy'd ſo many of the human Race, as this pretended Piety has done; and with ſuch barbarous Cruelty, as if the only Way to honour Heaven, were to turn the preſent World into Hell.

Thor. Truth is Truth, tho' from an Enemy, and ſpoke in Malice. You bloody, blind, and ſuperſtitious Bigots, how will you anſwer this?

Mill. What are your Laws, of which you make your Boaſt, but the Fool's Wiſdom, and the Coward's Valour; the Inſtrument and Skreen of all your Villanies, by which you puniſh in others what you act your ſelves, or wou'd have acted, had you been in their Circumſtances. The Judge who condemns the poor Man for being a Thief, had been a Thief himſelf had he been poor. Thus you go on deceiving, and being deceiv'd, harraſſing, plaguing, and deſtroying one another; but Women are your univerſal Prey.

Women, by whom you are, the Source of Joy,
With cruel Arts you labour to deſtroy:
A thouſand Ways our Ruin you purſue,
Yet blame in us thoſe Arts, firſt taught by you.
O may, from hence, each violated Maid,
By flatt'ring, faithleſs, barb'rous Man betray'd;
When robb'd of Innocence, and Virgin Fame,
From your Deſtruction raiſe a nobler Name;
To right their Sex's Wrongs devote their Mind,
And future Millwoods *prove to plague Mankind.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in a Prison.

Thorowgood, Blunt *and* Lucy.

Thor. I Have recommended to *Barnwell* a Reverend Divine, whose Judgment and Integrity I am well acquainted with; nor has *Millwood* been neglected, but she, unhappy Woman, still obstinate, refuses his Assistance.

Lucy. This pious Charity to the Afflicted well becomes your Character; yet pardon me, Sir, if I wonder you were not at their Trial.

Thor. I knew it was impossible to save him, and I and my Family bear so great a Part in his Distress, that to have been present wou'd have aggravated our Sorrows without relieving his.

Blunt. It was mournful indeed. *Barnwell*'s Youth and modest Deportment, as he past, drew Tears from every Eye: When placed at the Bar, and arraigned before the Reverend Judges, with many Tears and interrupting Sobs he confess'd and aggravated his Offences, without accusing, or once reflecting on *Millwood*, the shameless Author of his Ruin; who dauntless and unconcern'd stood by his Side, viewing with visible Pride and Contempt the vast Assembly, who all with sympathizing Sorrow wept for the wretched Youth. *Millwood* when called upon to answer, loudly insisted upon her Innocence, and made an artful and a bold Defence; but finding all in vain, the impartial Jury and the learned Bench concurring to find her guilty, how did she curse her self, poor *Barnwell*, us, her Judges, all

Mankind; but what cou'd that avail? ſhe was condemn'd, and is this Day to ſuffer with him.

Thor. The Time draws on, I am going to viſit *Barnwell*, as you are *Millwood.*

Lucy. We have not wrong'd her, yet I dread this Interview. She's proud, impatient, wrathful, and unforgiving. To be the branded Inſtruments of Vengeance, to ſuffer in her Shame, and ſympathize with her in all ſhe ſuffers, is the Tribute we muſt pay for our former ill ſpent Lives, and long confederacy with her in Wickedneſs.

Thor. Happy for you it ended when it did. What you have done againſt *Millwood* I know proceeded from a juſt Abhorrence of her Crimes, free from Intereſt, Malice, or Revenge. Proſelytes to Virtue ſhou'd be encourag'd. Purſue your propoſed Reformation, and know me hereafter for your Friend.

Lucy. This is a Bleſſing as unhop'd for as unmerited, but Heaven that ſnatched us from impending Ruin, ſure intends you as its Inſtrument to ſecure us from Apoſtacy.

Thor. With Gratitude to impute your Deliverance to Heaven is juſt. Many, leſs virtuouſly diſpos'd than *Barnwell* was, have never fallen in the Manner he has done, —— may not ſuch owe their Safety rather to Providence than to themſelves. With Pity and Compaſſion let us judge him. Great were his Faults, but ſtrong was the Temptation. Let his Ruin learn us Diffidence, Humanity and Circumſpection; ——for we,——who wonder at his Fate,—— perhaps had we like him, been tryed, —— like him, we had fallen too.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Dungeon, a Table and Lamp.

Thorowgood, Barnwell *reading.*

Thor. See there the bitter Fruits of Paſſion's deteſted Reign, and ſenſual Appetite indulg'd. Severe Reflections, Penitence and Tears.

Barn. My honoured injured Maſter, whoſe Goodneſs has covered me a thouſand times with Shame, forgive this laſt unwilling Diſreſpect, —indeed I ſaw you not.

Thor. 'Tis well, I hope you were better imploy'd in viewing of your ſelf;——your Journey's long, your Time for preparation almoſt ſpent.——I ſent a Reverend Divine to teach you to improve it, and ſhou'd be glad to hear of his Succeſs.

Barn. The Word of Truth, which he recommended for my conſtant Companion in this my ſad Retirement, has at length remov'd the Doubts I labour'd under. From thence I've learn'd the infinite Extent of heavenly Mercy; that my Offences, tho' great, are not unpardonable; and that 'tis not my Intereſt only, but my Duty to believe and to rejoice in that Hope, ——So ſhall Heaven receive the Glory, and future Penitents the Profit of my Example.

Thor. Go on.——How happy am I who live to ſee this?

Barn. 'Tis wonderful, —— that Words ſhou'd charm Deſpair, ſpeak Peace and Pardon to a Murderer's Conſcience; —— but Truth and Mercy flow in every Sentence, attended with Force and Energy divine. How ſhall I deſcribe my preſent State of Mind? I hope in doubt, —— and trembling I rejoice. —I feel my Grief increaſe, even as my Fears

give

give way.——Joy and Gratitude now ſupply more Tears, than the Horror and Anguiſh of Deſpair before.

Thor. Theſe are the genuine Signs of true Repentance, the only Preparatory, certain Way to everlaſting Peace. —— O the Joy it gives to ſee a Soul form'd and prepar'd for Heaven! — For this the faithful Miniſter devotes himſelf to Meditation, Abſtinence and Prayer, ſhuning the vain Delights of ſenſual Joys, and daily dies that others may live for ever.——For this he turns the ſacred Volumes o'er, and ſpends his Life in painful Search of Truth. ——The Love of Riches and the Luſt of Power, he looks on with juſt Contempt and Deteſtation; who only counts for Wealth the Souls he wins; and whoſe higheſt Ambition is to ſerve Mankind. —— If the Reward of all his Pains be to preſerve one Soul from wandering, or turn one from the Error of his Ways, how does he then rejoice, and own his little Labours over paid.

Barn. What do I owe for all your generous Kindneſs? but tho' I cannot, Heaven can and will reward you.

Thor. To ſee thee thus, is Joy too great for Words. Farewell, ——— Heaven ſtrengthen thee. —— Farewell.

Barn. O! Sir, there's ſomething I cou'd ſay, if my ſad ſwelling Heart would give me leave.

Thor. Give it vent a while, and try.

Barn. I had a Friend,—'tis true I am unworthy, yet methinks your generous Example might perſwade; —— cou'd I not ſee him once before I go from whence there's no return.

Thor. He's coming,——and as much thy Friend as ever; —but I'll not anticipate his Sorrow,——too ſoon he'll ſee the ſad Effect of his contagious Ruin. This Torrent of Domeſtick Miſery bears too hard upon me, — I muſt retire to indulge a Weakneſs

I

I find impossible to overcome. [*Aside.*] ——— Much lov'd——and much lamented Youth——Farewell—— Heaven strengthen thee——Eternally Farewell.

Barn. The best of Masters and of Men——Farewell ——— while I live let me not want your Prayers.

Thor. Thou shalt not;——thy Peace being made with Heaven, Death's already vanquish'd ;— bear a little longer the Pains that attend this transitory Life, and cease from Pain for ever.

SCENE III.

Barnwell.

I find a Power within that bears my Soul above the Fears of Death, and, spight of conscious Shame and Guilt, gives me a Taste of Pleasure more than Mortal.

SCENE IV.

(*To him.*) Trueman *and Keeper.*

Keep. Sir, there's the Prisoner.

SCENE V.

Barnwell *and* Trueman.

Barn. Trueman,——My Friend, whom I so wisht to see, yet now he's here I dare not look upon him. [*Weeps.*

Tr. O *Barnwell! Barnwell!*

Barn. Mercy! Mercy! gracious Heaven! for Death, but not for this, was I prepared.

Tr. What have I ſuffer'd ſince I ſaw you laſt? —— what Pain has Abſence given me?——But oh! to ſee thee thus!

Barn. I know it is dreadful! I feel the Anguiſh of thy generous Soul, —— but I was born to murder all who love me. [*Both weep.*

Tr. I came not to reproach you; —— I thought to bring you Comfort, —— but I'm deceiv'd, for I have none to give; —— I came to ſhare thy Sorrow, but cannot bear my own.

Barn. My Senſe of Guilt indeed you cannot know, —— 'tis what the Good and Innocent, like you, can ne'er conceive; —— but other Griefs at preſent I have none, but what I feel for you.——In your Sorrow I read you love me ſtill, ——but yet methinks 'tis ſtrange —— when I conſider what I am.

Tr. No more of that, —I can remember nothing but thy Virtues,——thy honeſt, tender Friendſhip, our former happy State and preſent Miſery. —— O had you truſted me when firſt the Fair Seducer tempted you, all might have been prevented.

Barn. Alas, thou know'ſt not what a Wretch I've been! Breach of Friendſhip was my firſt and leaſt Offence. —— So far was I loſt to Goodneſs, —— ſo devoted to the Author of my Ruin, —— that had ſhe inſiſted on my murdering thee, —I think,—I ſhou'd have done it.

Tr. Prithee aggravate thy Faults no more.

Barn. I think I ſhou'd!—thus Good and Generous as you are, I ſhou'd have murder'd you!

Tr. We have not yet embrac'd, and may be interrupted. Come to my Arms.

Barn. Never, never will I taſte ſuch Joys on Earth; never will I ſo ſooth my juſt Remorſe. Are thoſe honeſt Arms, and faithful Boſom, fit to embrace

and

and to ſupport a Murderer.——Theſe Iron Fetters only ſhall claſp, and flinty Pavement bear me,——[*Throwing himſelf on the Ground,*] even theſe too good for ſuch a bloody Monſter.

Tr. Shall Fortune ſever thoſe whom Friendſhip join'd!——Thy Miſeries cannot lay thee ſo low, but Love will find thee, [*Lies down by him.*] Upon this rugged Couch then let us lie, for well it ſuits our moſt deplorable Condition.——Here will we offer to ſtern Calamity,—this Earth the Altar, and our ſelves the Sacrifice.—Our mutual Groans ſhall eccho to each other thro' the dreary Vault.——Our Sighs ſhall number the Moments as they paſs,——and mingling Tears communicate ſuch Anguiſh, as Words were never made to expreſs.

Barn. Then be it ſo.——Since you propoſe an Intercourſe of Woe, pour all your Griefs into my Breaſt,——and in exchange take mine, [*Embracing.*] Where's now the Anguiſh that you promis'd?——You've taken mine, and make me no Return.——Sure Peace and Comfort dwell within theſe Arms, and Sorrow can't approach me while I'm here!——This too is the Work of Heaven, who, having before ſpoke Peace and Pardon to me, now ſends thee to confirm it.——O take, take ſome of the Joy that overflows my Breaſt!

Tr. I do, I do. Almighty Power, how have you made us capable to bear, at once, the Extreams of Pleaſure and of Pain?

SCENE VI.

To them, Keeper.

Keeper. Sir.

Tr. I come.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Barnwell *and* Trueman.

Barn. Muſt you leave me!——Death would ſoon have parted us for ever.

Tr. O, my *Barnwell*, there's yet another Task behind:——Again your Heart muſt bleed for others Woes.

Barn. To meet and part with you, I thought was all I had to do on Earth! What is there more for me to do or ſuffer?

Tr. I dread to tell thee, yet it muſt be known. ——*Maria.*

Barn. Our Maſter's fair and virtuous Daughter!

Tr. The ſame.

Barn. No Misfortune, I hope, has reach'd that lovely Maid! Preſerve her, Heaven, from every Ill, to ſhow Mankind that Goodneſs is your Care.

Tr. Thy, thy Misfortunes, my unhappy Friend, have reach'd her. Whatever you and I have felt, and more, if more be poſſible, ſhe feels for you.

Barn. I know he doth abhor a Lie, and would not trifle with his dying Friend.——This is, indeed, the Bitterneſs of Death! [*Aſide.*

Tr. You muſt remember, for we all obſerv'd it, for ſome Time paſt, a heavy Melancholy weigh'd her down.——Diſconſolate ſhe ſeem'd, and pin'd and languiſh'd from a Cauſe unknown;——till hearing of your dreadful Fate,—the long ſtifled Flame blaz'd out.—— She wept, ſhe wrung her Hands, and tore her Hair, and, in the Tranſport of her Grief, diſcover'd her own loſt State, whilſt ſhe lamented yours.

Barn. Will all the Pain I feel reſtore thy Eaſe, lovely unhappy Maid? [*Weeping.*] Why did n't you let me die and never know it?

Tr. It was impoſſible; —ſhe makes no Secret of her Paſſion for you, and is determin'd to ſee you e'er you die;—— ſhe waits for me to introduce her.———

SCENE VIII.

Barnwell.

Barn. Vain buſy Thoughts be ſtill!—— What avails it to think on what I might have been,—— I now am,—— What I've made my ſelf.

SCENE IX.

To him, Trueman *and* Maria.

Tr. Madam, reluctant I lead you to this diſmal Scene: This is the Seat of Miſery and Guilt.——— Here awful Juſtice reſerves her publick Victims.—— This is the Entrance to ſhameful Death.——

Ma. To this ſad Place, then no improper Gueſt, the abandon'd loſt *Maria* brings Deſpair, and ſee the Subject and the Cauſe of all this World of Woe.———Silent and motionleſs he ſtands, as if his Soul had quitted her Abode,——and the lifeleſs Form alone was left behind;——yet that ſo perfect, that Beauty and Death,—ever at Enmity, —now ſeem united there.

Barn. I groan, but murmur not.——Juſt Heaven, I am your own; do with me what you pleaſe.

Ma. Why are your ſtreaming Eyes ſtill fix'd below?———as tho' thoud'ſt give the greedy Earth thy Sorrows, and rob me of my Due.——Were Happineſs within your Power, you ſhould beſtow it where you pleas'd;———but in your Miſery I muſt and will partake.

Barn.

Barn. Oh! ſay not ſo, but fly, abhor, and leave me to my Fate. —— Conſider what you are: —— How vaſt your Fortune, and how bright your Fame: —— Have Pity on your Youth, your Beauty, and unequalled Virtue, —— for which ſo many noble Peers have ſigh'd in vain. Bleſs with your Charms ſome honourable Lord. —— Adorn with your Beauty; and, by your Example, improve the *Engliſh* Court, that juſtly claims ſuch Merit; ſo ſhall I quickly be to you as though I had never been. ——

Ma. When I forget you, I muſt be ſo indeed.— Reaſon, Choice, Virtue, all forbid it. —— Let Women, like *Millwood*, if there be more ſuch Women, ſmile in Proſperity, and in Adverſity forſake. Be it the Pride of Virtue to repair, or to partake, the Ruin ſuch have made.

Tr. Lovely, ill-fated Maid! —— Was there ever ſuch generous Diſtreſs before? —— How muſt this peirce his grateful Heart, and aggravate his Woes?

Barn. E'er I knew Guilt or Shame, when Fortune ſmil'd, and when my youthful Hopes were at the higheſt; if then to have rais'd my Thoughts to you, had been Preſumption in me, never to have been pardon'd, —— think how much beneath your ſelf you condeſcend to regard me now.

Ma. Let her bluſh, who, profeſſing Love, invades the Freedom of your Sex's Choice, and meanly ſues in Hopes of a Return. —— Your inevitable Fate hath render'd Hope impoſſible as vain. —— Then why ſhou'd I fear to avow a Paſſion ſo juſt and ſo diſintereſted?

Tr. If any ſhou'd take Occaſion, from *Millwood's* Crimes, to libel the beſt and faireſt Part of the Creation, here let them ſee their Error. —— The moſt diſtant Hopes of ſuch a tender Paſſion, from ſo bright a Maid, might add to the Happineſs

of

of the most happy, and make the greatest proud. ——Yet here 'tis lavish'd in vain:——Tho' by the rich Present, the generous Donor is undone,—— he, on whom it is bestow'd, receives no Benefit.

Barn. So the Aromatick Spices of the East, which all the Living covet and esteem, are, with unavailing Kindness, wasted on the Dead.

Ma. Yes, fruitless is my Love, and unavailing all my Sighs and Tears.——Can they save thee from approaching Death?——from such a Death? ——O terrible Idea!——What is her Misery and Distress, who sees the first last Object of her Love, for whom alone she'd live,——for whom she'd die a thousand, thousand Deaths, if it were possible,—— expiring in her Arms?——Yet she is happy, when compar'd to me.——Were Millions of Worlds mine, I'd gladly give them in exchange for her Condition. ——The most consummate Woe is light to mine. The last of Curses to other miserable Maids, is all I ask; and that's deny'd me.

Tr. Time and Reflection cure all Ills.

Ma. All but this;——his dreadful Catastrophe Virtue her self abhors.——To give a Holiday to suburb Slaves, and passing entertain the savage Herd, who, elbowing each other for a Sight, pursue and press upon him like his Fate.——A Mind with Piety and Resolution arm'd, may smile on Death.——But publick Ignominy,——everlasting Shame,——Shame the Death of Souls,——to die a thousand Times, and yet survive even Death it self, in never dying Infamy, is this to be endured?——Can I, who live in him, and must, each Hour of my devoted Life, feel all these Woes renew'd,——can I endure this!——

Tr. Grief has impair'd her Spirits; she pants, as in the Agonies of Death.——

Barn. Preserve her, Heaven, and restore her Peace,——nor let her Death be added to my Crimes,—— [*Bell tolls.*] I am summon'd to my Fate.

SCENE X.

(To them.) Keeper.

Keep. The Officers attend you, Sir.——Mrs. *Millwood* is already ſummon'd.

Barn. Tell 'em I'm ready.——And now, my Friend, farewell, [*Embracing.*] Support and comfort the beſt you can this Mourning Fair.——No more.—Forget not to pray for me,— [*Turning to* Maria] would you, bright Excellence, permit me the Honour of a chaſte Embrace,— the laſt Happineſs this World cou'd give were mine, [*She enclines towards him; they embrace.*] Exalted Goodneſs!——O turn your Eyes from Earth, and me, to Heaven,——where Virtue, like yours, is ever heard.——Pray for the Peace of my departing Soul.—Early my Race of Wickedneſs began, and ſoon has reach'd the Summet:— E'er Nature has finiſh'd her Work, and ſtamp'd me Man,—juſt at the Time that others begin to ſtray,—my Courſe is finiſh'd; tho' ſhort my Span of Life, and few my Days; yet count my Crimes for Years, and I have liv'd whole Ages.—Juſtice and Mercy are in Heaven the ſame: Its utmoſt Severity is Mercy to the whole,—thereby to cure Man's Folly and Preſumption, which elſe wou'd render even infinite Mercy vain and ineffectual.— Thus Juſtice, in Compaſſion to Mankind, cuts off a Wretch like me, by one ſuch Example to ſecure Thouſands from future Ruin.

If any Youth, like you,—in future Times,
Shall mourn my Fate,—tho' he abhor my Crimes;
Or tender Maid, like you,—my Tale ſhall hear,
And to my Sorrows give a pitying Tear:
To each ſuch melting Eye, and throbbing Heart,
Would gracious Heaven this Benefit impart,
Never to know my Guilt,—nor feel my Pain,
Then muſt you own, you ought not to complain;
Since you nor weep,—nor ſhall I die in vain.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Trueman, Blunt, *and* Lucy.

Lucy. Heart-breaking Sight.——O wretched, wretched *Millwood.*

Tr. You came from her then:—How is ſhe diſpoſed to meet her Fate?

Blunt. Who can deſcribe unalterable Woe?

Lucy. She goes to Death encompaſſed with Horror, loathing Life, and yet afraid to die; no Tongue can tell her Anguiſh and Deſpair.

Tr. Heaven be better to her than her Fears; may ſhe prove a Warning to others, a Monument of Mercy in her ſelf.

Lucy. O Sorrow, inſupportable! break, break my Heart.

Tr. In vain

With bleeding Hearts, and weeping Eyes we ſhow
A human gen'rous Senſe of others Woe;
Unleſs we mark what drew their Ruin on,
And by avoiding that, prevent our own.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

Written by COLLEY CIBBER, *Esq*; and ſpoke by Mrs. CIBBER.

SINCE Fate has robb'd me of the hapleſs Youth,
For whom my Heart had hoarded up its Truth;
By all the Laws of Love and Honour, now,
I'm free again to chuſe,——and one of you.

But ſoft,——With Caution firſt I'll round me peep;
Maids, in my Caſe, ſhou'd look, before they leap:
Here's Choice enough, of various Sorts, and Hue,
The Cit, the Wit, the Rake cock'd up in Cue,
The fair ſpruce Mercer, and the tawney Jew.

Suppoſe I ſearch the ſober Gallery;——No,
There's none but Prentices,—and Cuckolds all a Row;
And theſe, I doubt, are thoſe that make 'em ſo.
[Pointing to the Boxes.

'Tis very well, enjoy the Jeſt:——But you,
Fine powder'd Sparks;—nay, I'm told 'tis true,
Your happy Spouſes——can make Cuckolds too.
'Twixt you and them, the Diff'rence this perhaps,
The Cit's aſham'd whene'er his Duck he traps;
But you, when Madam's tripping, let her fall,
Cock up your Hats, and take no Shame at all.

What if ſome favour'd Poet I cou'd meet?
Whoſe Love wou'd lay his Lawrels at my Feet.
No,—— Painted Paſſion real Love abhors,——
His Flame wou'd prove the Suit of Creditors.

Not to detain you then with longer Pauſe,
In ſhort, my Heart to this Concluſion draws,
I yield it to the Hand, that's loudeſt in Applauſe.